

POEMS

O. N.

Several Occasions.

WITH

IMITATIONS

From $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} HORACE, \\ OVID, \end{array} \right.$ $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} THEOCRITUS, \\ BACHTLIDES, \end{array} \right.$
 $\left. \begin{array}{l} MARTIAL, \\ ANACREON, \end{array} \right.$ And OTHERS.

To which is prefix'd

A Discourse on *Criticism*, and the *Liberty*
of *Writing*, by Way of Letter to
a Friend.

By SAMUEL COBB, M. A.

Non ego mendoſos ausim defendere Versus. Ovid.

At neque, cum scribo, si forte quid aptius exit,
Quando hæc rara avis est, si quid tamen aptius exit,
Laudari metuam ----- Perf.

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®

A
DISCOURSE
ON
CRITICISM
AND THE
Liberty of Writing.

In a Letter to *Richard Carter Esq;* late of the *Middle-Temple*, now living in *Babadoes*.

SIR,

THE Muses are said to be the Daughters of Memory: A Poet therefore must lay down his Title to their Favour, who can be forgetful of a Friend, like You, whose polite Knowledge, instructive Conversation, and particulur Generosity to my self, have left such strong Impressions upon my Mind, as defy the Power of Absence to remove them. I scarce believe Death it self can blot out an Idea so firmly imprinted. The Soul, when it leaves this earthly Habitation, and has no more Use for those Virtues, which were serviceable in the Conduct of human Life, such as Temperance, Fortitude and the like,

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will certainly carry Love and Gratitude along with it to Heaven. This may suffice to let the World know what Obligations you have laid upon me.

By this Letter (the room of which, for your Jake I could willingly have supply'd,) you will plainly see, that no Place, however remote, is able to secure you from the Zeal of a Friend, and the Vanity of a Poet.

For tho' retiring to the *Western Isles*,
At the long Distance of five thousand Miles,
You've chang'd dear *London* for your Native
(Seat,

And think *Barbadoes* is a safe Retreat ;
You highly err : Nor is the *Wat'ry Fence*
Sufficient Guard against Impertinence.

The *Muse*, which smiles on jingling Bards, like
(Me,

Has always Winds to waft her o'er the Sea.
Blow on, ye Winds, and o'er th' *Atlantick Main*,
Bear to my Gen'rous Friend this thankful
(Strain.

You see, Sir, I have not left off that rhyming Trick of Youth ; but knowing You to be a Gentleman who loves Variety in every thing, I thought it would not be ungrateful if I checquer'd my Prose with a little Verse.

After this Preamble, it is presum'd, that one who lives on the Other side of the Globe, will expect by every Pacquet-boat to know what is done on This. Since Your Departure, Affairs have had a surprizing

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prizing Turn every where, and particularly in Italy; which Success of our Armies and Allies abroad, have given a manifest Proof of our wise Counsels at home. ----Parties still run between High and Low. I shall make no Remarks on either; thinking it always more prudent, as well as more safe, to live peaceably under the Government in which I was born, rather than peevishly to quarrel with it.

But You will cry, Who expects any thing from the Politicks of a Poet? How goes the State of Parnassus? What has the Battle of Ramillies produc'd? What Battles generally do; bad Poets, and worse Criticks. I could not perswade my self to attempt any thing above six Lines, which had not been made, were it not at the Request of a Musical Gentleman. You will look upon them with the same Countenance you us'd to do on things of a larger Size.

Born to surprize the World, and teach the
The slippery Danger of exalted State,
Victorious Marlbro to Râmilly flies;
Arm'd with new Lightning from bright
Wonders like These, no former Age has seen;
Subjects are Heroes, where a Saint's the
QUEEN.

Mr. Congreve has given the World an Ode, and prefix'd to it a Discourse on the Pindaric Verse, of

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which more, when I come to speak on the same Argument: There are several others on that Subject, and some which will bear the Test; one particularly, written in imitation of the Style of Spencer; and goes under the Name of Mr. Prior; I have not read it through, but ex pede Herculem. He is a Gentleman who cannot write ill. Yet some of our Criticks have fell upon it, as the Viper did on the File, to the detriment of their Teeth. So that Criticism, which was formerly the Art of judging well, is now become the pure Effect of Spleen, Passion and Self-conceit. Nothing is perfect in every Part. He that expects to see any thing so, must have patience till Dooms-day. The Worship we pay to our own Opinion, generally leads us to the Contempt of another's. This blind Idolatry of Self is the Mother of Error; and this begets a secret Vanity in our Modern Censurers, who, when they please to think a Meaning for an Author, would thereby insinuate how much his Judgment is inferiour to their inligh'ten'd Sagacity. When, perhaps, the Failings they expose are a plain Evidence of their own Blindness.

For to display our Candour and our Sence,
Is to discover some deep Excellence.

The Critick's faulty, while the Poet's free;
They raise the Mole-hill, who want Eyes to see,

Excrencences are easily perceiv'd by an ordinary Eye; but it requires the Penetration of a Lynceus to discern the Depth of a good Poem; the secret

Art-

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*Artfulness and Contrivance of it being conceald
from a Vulgar Apprehension.*

I remember somewhere an Observation of St. Evremont (an Author whom you us'd to praise, and whom therefore I admire) that some Persons, who would be Poets, which they cannot be, become Criticks which they can be. The censorious Grin, and the loud Laugh, are common and easy things, according to Juvenal; and according to Scripture, the Marks of a Fool. These Men are certainly in a deplorable Condition, who cannot be witty, but at another's Expence, and who take an unnatural kind of Pleasure in being uneasy at their Own.

Rules they can write, but, like the *College Tribe*,
Take not that Physick which their Rules pre-
scribe.

I scorn to praise a plodding, formal Fool,
Insipidly correct, and *dull* by Rule:
Homer, with all his *Nodding*, I would chuse,
Before the more exact *Sicilian Muse*.
Who'd not be *Dryden*; tho' his Faults are great,
Sooner than our Laborious *Laureat*?
Not but a decent Neatness, I confess,
In *Writing* is requir'd, as well as *Dress*.
Yet still in both the *unaffected Air*
Will always please the *Witty* and the *Fair*.

I would not here be thought to be a Patron of Slovenly Negligence; for there is nothing which breeds a greater Aversion in Men of a Delicate Taste.

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Taste. Yet you know, Sir, that, after all our Care and Caution, the Weakness of our Nature will eternally mix it self in every thing we write; and an over curious Study of being correct, enervates the Vigour of the Mind, slackens the Spirits, and cramps the Genius of a Free Writer. He who creeps by the Shore, may shelter himself from a Storm, but is likely to make very few Discoveries: And the cautious Writer, who is timorous of disobligeing the captious Reader, may produce you true Grammar, and unexceptionable Prosodia, but most stupid Poetry.

In vitium culpæ dicit fuga, si caret arte.

A slavish Fear of committing an Oversight, betrays a Man to more inextricable Errors, than the Boldness of an enterprizing Author, whose artful Carelessness is more instructive and delightful than all the Pains and Sweat of the Poring and Bookish Critick.

Some Failings, like Moles in a beautiful Countenance, take nothing from the Charms of a happy Composure, but rather heighten and improve their Value. Were our modern Reflectors Masters of more Humanity than Learning, and of more Discernment than both, the Authors of the Past and Present Ages, would have no reason to complain of Injustice; nor would that Reflection be cast upon the best-natur'd Nation in the World, that, when rude and ignorant, we were unhospitable to Strangers, and now, being civiliz'd, we expend our Barbarity on

one

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one another. Homer would not be so much the Ridicule of our Beaux Esprits ; when, with all his Sleeppiness, he is propos'd as the most exquisite Pattern of Heroic Writing, by the Greatest of Philosophers, and the Best of Judges. Nor is Longinus behind hand with Aristotle in his Character of the same Author, when he tells us that the Greatness of Homer's Soul look'd above little Trifles (which are Faults in meaner Capacities) and hurry'd on to his Subject with a Freedom of Spirit peculiar to himself. A Racer at New-market or the Downs, which has been fed and drest, and with the niceſt Caution prepared for the Course, will stumble perhaps at a little Hillock ; while the Wings of Pegasus bear him o'er Hills and Mountains,

Sub pedibusq; videt nubes & sydera-----

Such was the Soul of Homer : who is more justly admir'd by those who understand him, than he is derided by the Ignorant : Whose Writings partake as much of that Spirit, as he attributes to the Actions of his Heroes ; and whose Blindness is more truly chargeable on his Criticks, than on Himself : who, as he wrote without a Rule, was himself a Rule to succeeding Ages. Who as much deserves that Commendation which Alcibiades gave to Socrates, when he compar'd him to the Statues of the Sileni, which to look upon, had nothing beautiful and ornamental ; but open them, and there you might discover the Images of all the Gods and Goddesses.

Who

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Who knows the secret Springs of the Soul, and those sudden Emotions, which excite illustrious Men, to act and speak out of the Common Road? They seem irregular to Us by reason of the Fondness and Bigotry we pay to Custom, which is no Standard to the Brave and the Wise. The Rules we receive in our first Education, are laid down with this Purpose, to restrain the Mind; which by reason of the Tenderness of our Age, and the ungovernable Disposition of Young Nature, is apt to start out into Excess and Extravagance. But when Time has ripen'd us, and Observation has fortify'd the Soul, we ought to lay aside those common Rules with our Leading-strings; and exercise our Reason with a free, generous and manly Spirit. Thus a Good Poet should make use of a Discretionary Command; like a Good General, who may rightly wave the vulgar Precepts of the Military School (which may confine an ordinary Capacity, and curb the Rash and Daring) if by a new and surprizing Method of Conduct, he find out an uncommon Way to Glory and Success.

Bocalin, the Italian Wit, among his other odd Advertisements, has this remarkable one, which is parallel to the present Discourse. When Tasso (says he) had presented Apollo with his Poem, call'd Giurasalemme Liberata; the Reformer of the Delphic Library, to whose Perusal it was committed, found fault with it, because it was not written according to the Rules of Aristotle; which affront being complain'd of, Apollo was highly incens'd,

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cens'd, and chid Aristotle for his Presumption in daring to prescribe Laws and Rules to the high Conceptions of the Virtuosi, whose Liberty of Writing and Inventing, enrich'd the Schools and Libraries with gallant Composures; and to enslave the Wits of Learned Men, was to rob the World of those alluring Charms which daily flow'd from the Productions of Poets, who follow the Dint of their own unbouned Imagination. You will find the rest in the 28th Advertisement.

The Moral is instructive; because to judge well and candidly, we must wean our selves from a slavish Bigotry to the Ancients. For, tho' Homer and Virgil, Pindar and Horace be laid before us as Examples of exquisite Writing in the Heroic and Lyric Kind, yet, either thro' the Distance of Time, or Diversity of Customs, we can no more expect to find like Capacities, than like Complexions. Let a Man follow the Talent that Nature has furnish'd him with, and his own Observation has improv'd, we may hope to see Inventions in all Arts, which may dispute Superiority with the best of the Athenian and Roman Excellencies.

Nec minimum meruere decus vestigia Græca
Ausi deserere.-----

It is another Rule of the same Gentleman, that we should attempt nothing beyond our Strength: There are some modern Milo's who have been wedg'd in that Timber which they strove to rend. Some have fail'd in the Lyric Way who have been excellent

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lent in the Dramatic. And, Sir, would you not think a Physician would gain more Profit and Reputation by Hippocrates and Galen well-studied, than by Homer and Virgil ill-copied?

Horace, who was as great a Master of Judgment, as he was an Instance of Wit, would have laid the Errours of an establish'd Writer on a pardonable Want of Care, or excus'd them by the Infirmity of Human Nature; he would have wondred at the corrupt Palates now a-days, who quarrel with their Meat, when the Fault is in their Taste. To reform which, if our Moderns would lay aside the malicious Grin and drolling Sneer, the Passions and Prejudices to Persons and Circumstances, we should have better Poems, and juster Criticisms. Nothing casts a greater Cloud on the Judgment than the Inclination (or rather Resolution) to praise or condemn, before we see the Object. The Rich and the Great lay a Trap for Fame, and have always a numerous Crowd of servile Dependants, to clap their Play, or admire their Poem.

For noble Scribblers are with Flattery fed,
And none dare tell their Fault who eat their Bread.

Dryden's Pers.

Juvenal shews his Aversion to this Prepossession, when his old disgusted Friend gives this among the rest of his Reasons why he left the Town,

-----Mentiri nescio : librum
Si malus est, nequeo laudare & poscere.

To conquer Prejudice is the part of a Philosopher; and to discern a Beauty is an Argument of good

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good Sense and Sagacity; and to find a Fault with Allowances for human Frailty, is the Property of a Gentleman.

Who then is this Critick? You will find him in Quintilius Varus, of Cremona, who when any Author shew'd him his Composure, laid aside the Faſtus common to our ſupercilious Readers; and when he happen'd on any Mistake, Corrige ſodes Hoc aiebat & hoc.

Such is the Critick I would find, and ſuch would I prove my ſelf to others. I am ſorry I muſt go into my Enemies Country to find out another like him. Our English Criticks having taken away a great deal from the Value of their Judgment, by dashing it with ſome ſplenetick Reſlections. Like a certain Nobleman mention'd by my Lord Veru-lam, who when he invited any Friends to Dinner, al-ways gave a diſreliſh to the Entertainment by ſome cutting malicious Feſt.

The French then ſeem to me to have a truer Taste of the ancient Authors than ever Scaliger or Heinsius could pretend to. Rapin, and above all, Bossu, have done more Juſtice to Homer and to Virgil, to Livy and Thucydides, to Demoſthenes and to Cicero, &c. and have bin more beneficial to the Republick of Learning, by their nice Compariſons and Observations, than all the honest Labours of thofe well-meaning Men, who rummage muſtly Manuscripts for various Lections. They did not Inſiſtere in ipſo cortice, verbisq; interpretandis intenti nihil ultra petere, (as Dacier has it) but ſearch'd

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search'd the inmost Recesses, open'd their Mysteries, and (as it were) call'd the Spirit of the Author from the Dead. It is for this Le Clerc (in his Bibliotheque Choisie, Tom. 9. p. 328.) commends St. Evremont's Discourses on Salust and Tacitus, as also his Judgment on the Ancients, and blames the Grammarians, because they give us not a Taste of Antiquity after his Method, which would invite our Polite Gentlemen to study it with a greater Appetite. Whereas their Manner of Writing, which takes Notice only of Words, Customs, and chiefly Chronology, with a blind Admirations of all they read, is unpleasant to a fine Genius, and deters it from the pursuit of the Belles Lettres.

I shall say no more at present on this Head, but proceed to give you an Account of the following Sheets. What I have attempted in them is mostly of the Pindaric and the Lyric Way. I have not follow'd the Strophe and Antistrophe; neither do I think it necessary; besides I had rather err with Mr. Cowley, who shew'd us the Way, than be flat and in the right with others.

Mr. Congreve, an ingenious Gentleman, has affirm'd, I think too hastily, that in each particular Ode the Stanza's are alike, whereas the last Olympick has two Monostrophicks of different Measure, and Number of Lines.

The Pacquet-boat is just going off, I am afraid of missing Tide. You may expect the rest on the Pindaric Style. In the mean time I beg leave to subscribe my self,

Sir, Your ever Obedient and

Obliged Servant,

Samuel Cobb.

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Poems, &c.

On several Occasions.

To His M A J E S T Y.

In imitation of *Horace. Ode 15th. Lib. 4.*

*Phæbus volentem prælia me loqui
Victas & Urbes, &c.*

I Tun'd the Lute, and strait begun
I To play of Wars and Battles won :
Of Sieges and Heroic Things ;
Of routed Armies, vanquish'd Kings :
Till *Phæbus*, to reprove my Care,
With haste did to my Song repair,
And check'd the trembling Strings,

B

Desist.

P O E M S

—Desist, he said, nor dare in vain
Beyond thy peaceful, humble strain ;
Nor tempt with slender Sails the Dangers of the (Main.)

II.

What Age, O *William*, ever equall'd Thine ?
By Thee the World is happy made,
Whether it fly for refuge to thy shade,
Or seek the blessings of thy glorious shine.

The Healthy Farmer walks around
Th' extended Acres of his Ground
With pleasure and delight to see
The Hills with yellow plenty crown'd,
And blesses Heav'n and Thee.
Under Thy clam auspicious Reign
The careful Merchant dreads no more
French Malice, but securely ploughs the Main
To farthest *China*, or the Western shore.

The

on several Occasions.

3

The Sea it self, Thy Empire, now
Uncurls its rough tempestuous Brow.

Now every Face begins to shine,
And every Heart where Anger dwelt,
Does now into Compassion melt,

Taught Gentleness by Thine.

III.

Nassovian Heroe ! under Thee
All, but Licentiousness, is free.
Profaneness, and the spreading Train
Of numerous Vices, you restrain ;
You curb th' Excesses of the Land
By your Example and Command,
And call back Ancient Arts again.
Arts, which, in hardy *Edgar's* days,
Advanc'd the losty *British* Name,

POEMS

Extending his Dominions, and his Praise
O'er the *Virginian* and the *German* Seas.

Till, under Thee, Imperial *England's* Fame
Is to remotest shores and Islands spread
From the Sun's Rising to his Western Bed,

IV.

No Civil Discord shall create
Divisions, and embroil the State,
No Jars in *Europe* shall prevail,
While the *Britannick Cæsar* holds the Scale,

And moderates her Fate.

No Wrath, nor Hatred shall appear,
Which forms the Gun, and points the Spear,
To which unhappy Nations owe
Their Enmity and Overthrow,
Great Arbitrator of the World, *NASSAW!*

Whose

on several Occasions.

5

Whose bold Presumption dates transgress
Thy establish'd Articles of Peace,
Or disobey thy Law?
The *Turkish* and *Venetian* Power,
With those who dwellnigh *Danow's* sounding Shore,
Or *Russian Moscow*, or the *German Rhine*,
Thy Friendship court, Thy Aid implore
To carry on some Great Design:
And for a Peace, or for a Truce,
Thy prudent Mediation chuse,
And in Confederacy joyn.

V.

For thy important Reign, and length of Years
All Temples echo with our Prayers.
For Thee the comely *British* Dame
Sollicits Heav'n with lifted Eyes,
For Thee her tender hopes implores the Skies,

And with imperfect Speech lisps the *Nassovian*
(Name.)

While We above a common flight will soar,
And in loud numbers tell,
Numbers unheard of and unknown before,
Who for their Countries Cause, like *Grafton* fell,
Or bled, like *Talmarsh*, on the *Gallick* shore.
Thus will we sing, thus shall our measures flow,
Joyn'd with the skilful Harmony of *BLOW*.

Thus o'er a Glass of Generous Wine,
From the *Burgundian* fetch'd, or *Florentine*,
In never-dying Verse we'll trace
The Glories of the *British* Race,
And sing each God-like Hero's Acts, from *Brutus*
(down to Thine.

A Pindaric Ode, Occasion'd by the Succession of Spain, the Wars in the North, and the Functure of Affairs in the Year of our Lord 1700. in the 13th of the Reign of King William the Thir'd.

THe Muse, which taught the *Theban Swan*
To stretch his Silver wings, and soar
Where Vulgar Pinions never can,
In Regions of the Sky, unknown before :
She, Queen of Numbers, who could raise
The Voice of *PRIOR* to a pitch so high,
As might with envy'd *Cowley vye*,
When lisning to his Lays,
Old smiling *Jamus* blest the new-born Century.
A Now from her Airy Bower descends,

* *Carmen Seculare.*

(Not always the Companion of the Great)

To honour Things of meaner state,
And to My Song attentive bends.

As *Cytherea's* feign'd to fly
From amorous Gods, and leave the Sky,
To bless with a Divine embrace
Some Favourite of Mortal Race,
And there disclose the Lustre of her Eye,
And each Ambrosial Grace.

II.

She calls me with a Voice, as would excell
Th' *Orphean*, could the golden Lyre
And charming Tongue again conspire
To vindicate *Eurydice* from Hell.

Lo ! from this abject Earth she seems to bear
Me, through untrodden Air.

Like *Virgil's* Fame, she flies
O'er tracts of Sea, and spacious Land,
Where-e're *Nassovian* Arms command,

Her

Her Foot upon the Ground, her Head above the
(Skies,

There views the Desert *Aether* round; a Place
Where Nothing lives, the blue, expanded
(Space

There sees the Stars, which rule the Night,
Which in the Sky, like a Republick, sway
With scattered and imperfect Light,
Whose Beams more happily unite
In the Great Monarch of the Day.

III.

Not all the rowling Lamps above will dare
With the *Phebean* to compare.

Nor can th' united Wit of Man below
With all his fondness and pretence
To Busines, Management and Sense,
Such Universal Rays bestow
As the *NASSOVIAN* Influence.

Whether He leave his Native seat
To warm us with his kindly heat:

Or

Or if He please to lift the Dart

And take Religion's injur'd part.

Like that Young God he flies, by *Homer* sung,

Descending from *Olympus*, to the Aid,

Of the wrong'd Priest, and ravish'd Maid,

When the vindictive Quiver on his shoulders hung,

And from his silver Bow the poison'd Arrow rung.

Fond *Agamemnon* ! to provoke

Apollo's pestilential stroke.

What Heroes thro' Thy Passion slain

Of Thee in *Stygian* Groves complain !

Of Thee, whose blinded Lust could dare

The Pious Virgin to detain,

And combat against Innocence and Prayer.

IV.

Wrongs to Revenge, and Succour the Distrest,

William was always nigh,

At the soft warning of a Sigh,

To thousand Ills expos'd his Valiant Breast.

Op-

Oppression trembled at his Sight,
And sunk into the Womb of Night,
Too impotent to bear so great a Light.

Soon as that Hydra, Faction, rose,
She saw, and stagger'd at his dazzling shine,
Nor durst her Multiplying Heads oppose
To Virtue so Divine.

For *William*, if his Counsel Fails,
Shakes but his Thunder, and prevails.
If on the *Gallick* or the *Northern* Shore,
From Oaken Walls his Cannons roar.

He frights the bold, presumptuous Crew,
As Ancient *Jove* is said to do.

When he hurl'd *Typhon* from th' affected Skies
To bellow under *Etna*; where,
Bruis'd with the marks of Heav'nly Wrath, he fries
In rowling Sulphur, and when e're
He shifts his brawny side below,
Above he shakes th' Eternal Snow.

Still

Still eager to renew his Ancient War,
 Still to retort new Mountains at the Thunderer.

V.

In vain he tosses Fire, in vain
 He bites his Adamantine Chain,
 Struggles with Heav'n's Decree, and Everlasting
 (Pain.

Just Penance ! for the Wretch who dare,

War against the Gods declare.

Tho' to the Vulgar this a Fable seem,

Or some Poetic, Idle Dream.

Dorset, sagacious *Hallifax*, and Those
 To whom the Muse her Secrets does betray,
 Whom She instructs in her mysterious way,

This dark *Ænigma* can disclose;

And with *Lyncean* Eye,

Conceal'd to meaner Sight the Depth of this Vast
 (Stream discry.

In *Typhon* They behold the Fall
 Of the Vain *Russian*, and ambitious *Gaul*.

This

This th' unhewn *Muscovite* can tell,
Who struck with *Swedish Lightning*, fell
Down from his Airy Steep, to prove
Ten thousand Gyants are no odds to *Jove*.
Imperious Death ! on that Triumphant Day,
How didst Thou feast ! how riot on thy Prey !
When * *Charles*, like a *Gustavus*, rose
And through arm'd Myriads of his Foes
Mow'd his Victorious Way.

Let *Narva* tell, how many Leagues the Slain
Lay dismembered on the Plain,
Tell, how her VVaters blush'd with an inglorious
(Stain

VI.

Nor stops the *Northern Worthy* here,
Swiftly he urges on his fiery Career,
Th' Apostate *Saxon* quakes, and warlike *Polan-*
(der.

* *Cha.* 12. King of Sweden.

So early *Charles* pursues
The steps of *William*, and creates new business
(for the Muse.

Next to Godlike *William's* Name,
In th' Eternal Book of Fame.
Write him, O *Clio*, and prepare a place
Among the Heroes of Immortal Race,
In Valours Temple let him sit
With *Roman Julins*, or our great *Plantagenet* ;
Let all to the *Nassovian* Name Submit.
All to Superiour Greatness bow,
Bring Olive to his Hands, and Laurel to his Brow.
Tell us, who at the Twentyeth Summer run
The Course of Fame, when *Philip's* Son
With all his hopes in Prophecy begun.
Propp'd on his Genius, *William* leads
To Conquest, and Heroic Deeds,
Nor Oracle, nor Omen needs ;
Nor Armour to defend his Breast,

Such as Rome's boasted Father wore,

Or such as stern Pelides bore,

At the Sea-Godess's Request.

Or such as to the British Arthur did belong,

By whose enchanted blaze, in Spencer's Song,

The cursed Paynim fell ; while Saxons mourn

The Desolation of his Flaming Calliburn.

No : it is less than William, to desire

A magick Shield, or Sword, or Dart

At Lemnos forg'd in Vulcan's fire,

Or charm'd by Merlin's horrid Art ;

No Armour like his Cause, no Weapon like his

VII.

Whether the Princely Youth ingage

With Luxemburg's experienc'd Age,

Or with cool Wisdom temper Conde's Rage,

No Forces could unhinge his Mind,

No Arts his cautious steps inclose,

Arts, which his Generous Soul declin'd,

And piti'd in his Foes.

So

So thinly spun is Human sleight !
So feeble is *Borbonian* Wit,
When aim'd at Heav'n's peculiar Favourite!
Batavia, witness how Thy Heroe flew
To snatch Thee, like a flaming Brand,
From the fierce Ravager's destroying hand,
Thy Provinces reseize, Thy Liberty renew.

As a brave Eagle, when she finds the Nest
Robb'd, where her future Heroes us'd to rest,
Stays not to mourn, but through the Liquid Sky
Sails with full Wing to seek her Barb'rous Enemy,
She does at last the greedy Vulture spy
Lodg'd on some Mountain's top, or lofty Tree,
A helpless, undefending Sanctuary.

People below with wonder and affright
Behold the Noble Fight.

But She, who must *Jove's* Thunder bear,
Buffets the Dastard, and redeems the Prey,
And gives sure Omens of a better Day,

When

When, ripening to the Strength and Force
Of her *Imperial* Ancestors,
She shall the struggling Dragon dare,
Provok'd by Hunger, or the Thirst of War,
And lead her Triumph o'er the wide Dominions
(of the Air.

VIII.

Lo ! from the well hatch'd Seeds of Time,
(what Fate

Had registered *To Be*, the Months and Days
Leap forth in all their decency, and Rays,
Miraculously bright and great,

And all the future Year's reserv'd for *WILLIAM's*
(Praise.
Enough of Actions past ; now look,

My Muse, in thy Mysterious Book ;

Rowl o'er the next Immortal Page,

And View what's destin'd for maturer Age.

I see it : 'tis a vast *Herculean Task*

Which will Collected *William* ask.

C

Descend,

Descend, O *Clio*, and if near the Stream
Of Father *Cam*, or *Iss* you delight
To bless the sacred Poet's Dream,
And succour his Auspicious Flight.
Or with thy Voice, or with thy Strings
Lament the * Funeral of Kings.
See ! a large Field lies open to thy View,
And the whole World is thy Purlieu.
Whether the *Eastern* Islands you behold,
Or Western *Mexico*, or rich *Peru*,
(The fertil Womb of fatal Gold)
All mourning for the Monarch lost, and fearing
for the † New

ix

We call him happy, who is doom'd to wear
A Diadem besieg'd with care.
Mistaken Notion ! not to know
What Thorns on Crowns and Scepters grow.

* Alluding to the Death of Charles 2d. K. of Spain.

[†] Duke of Anjou.

The splendid Ornaments of pompous Woe.

Is it for this perfidious *Bourbon's* Pride

Would o'er insulted Nations Ride,

And sail to Empire through a Sanguine Tide?

For this so many Leagues he breaks,

For this so many Widows makes ;

For this so oft the Virgin sighs,

So oft his Iron Hand has wrung

Tears from the humble Shepherds Eyes,

And Curses from his Tongue.

X.

Beauteous *Iberia* ! once a potent State,

Magnificent and Fortunate !

With Thy own *Indies* Thou art sold,

And wilt, I fear, repent, as *Midas* did of old,

Thy Thirst and Avarice of Gold.

How often wilt Thou wish in vain

For the grim *Moor*, the *Suevian*, or *Alane*,

The *Vandal* or the *Goth*, a milder Reign ?

They, like a Torrent, pouring from a Hill,
And boistrous as the *North*, from whence they
(caine,
Ravage Thy Lands, and all thy Countries fill
With Slaughter, and depopulating Flame.
Th' intriguing *Gaul*, like a dissembling Sea,
Whose Smiling waters steal below the ground
Eats under, the Foundation to betray,
Taught through the weaken'd Earth to work
(it's way,
And with a bursting Quake the tottering Ball con-
(found.

XI.

For this *Europa*, like a Sacrifice,
The Sword just lifted, on the Altar lies;
Hark ! how she knocks her Lovely Breast, and
(wounds the Suffering Skies.
Like that *Phænician* Dame,
from whence she drew her Name,

When

When the lascivious and Impostor-God,
Laid down his Heav'ly Arms, and that command-
(ing Nod,
With which he rules the Powers Above,
Degrading his Divinity for Love.
When on his milky Shoulders through the Sea,
He bore His beauteous, panting Prey.
In vain on the *Sidonian* Strand
Her fellow Virgins weeping stand ;
In vain to th' unattentive Sky
Europa lifts her snowy hand,
And calls on *Jove* ; but thinks not *Jove* so nigh,
With the false Waves the traitorous Winds con-
(spire
Against th' afflicted Fair,
To gratifie th' Immortal Thief's desire,
And blow each gentle sigh away , and each
(ingaging Prayer,
But O, *Europa*, now forget to fear,

For in his own Majestick shape.

Behold thy better *Jupiter* appear,

Not to beguile Thee to a Rape,

But save Thee from the Ravisher.

XII.

That *Gallick* Pride, which many years has strove

To satisfie his large, insatiate Love,

Still like the fabled Heav'ly Lust of old,

Try'd all his Strength, and all his Charms,

To grasp the Virgin to his Arms.

He shook his Thunder, and he rain'd his Gold.

Till long-departed Justice came below,

With awful step she march'd, and dreadful to
(behold,

Like the *German*, stern and bold,

Her Vengeance certain, tho' her Motion slow.

Lead on, *Astræa*, thy Triumphant way,

And to th' affrighted World display

Aloft thy bloody Banner, to chastise
Successful Rapine and absolve the Skies.

Down from the *Alpin* Hills her Armies pour,
Eridanus is with amazement struck,

And wonders why the Mountain shook.

Convulsions never felt before,

Such Thunder never heard to roar,

Since *Phaeton* fell headlong from the Sky

She now no Second Fall can fear,

But thinks the God himself is nigh,

When she beholds his Eagle there,

XIII.

Let wise Impiety be dumb,

Like her own thoughtless Deity become,

Which neither rule nor order keeps,

But in Eternal ease supinely sleeps.

Madness ! behold God's strange Mysterious
(way,

How sure his Arrows fly, no random play ;

So lingring is his Wrath! so fatal his Delay!

To raise the weak, and mortify the proud,

See marching from afar

His Ministers of Wrath, a formidable Crowd,

With all the horrid clang of a tumultuous War,

Fierce as his Lightning, as his Thunder loud.

Loud as the Water-falls of *Nile*,

When they with mighty flow

Rowl from some *AEthiopian* Hill,

And drown or deafen all below.

When *Savoy's Eugene* and his Fortunes lead the
(way,

O *Italy*, how frail is Thy Pretence

Of Nature's strong and rocky Fence!

In vain thy Rivers swell, in vain thy *Alps* obstruct
(his stay

When He of old to Victory was flown,

The Moon of *Ottoman* began to wane,

The Lesser Stars grew pale, which fill'd her
(Eastern train;

Nor

Nor does the *Turkish* Majesty alone,
Bow to his Awful Name,
But onward marching, his Triumphant Fame
Knocks at *Versailles*, and shakes the *Celtick*
(Throne.

XIV.

Where Purple Cruelty in haughty state,
Presides, Tyrannically Great :
Moves Arbitrary in his Orb of Light,
Till urg'd by the Decrees of Fate,
From his high Solstice in his fullest blaze
He takes his Ignominious flight,
Rowls backward his diminish'd Rays,
And in succeeding Darkness ends the Glory of
(his Days.
Yet sleep not, *Albion*; for, with armed
(Hand
And watchful Eyes, thy Foes around thee stand.
Nay, thy own Sons, with thy best Blessings fed,
Conspire against thy sacred Head,

To

To drive Thee to the last extream ;
While their black Malice, and ingrateful Wit
Does like the *Augur's* Razor seem,
Which cut the Hone that sharpened it.
But Heav'n has nodded with a firm consent
To guard thy Island from her Cruel Foes,
And all their fruitless Treachery prevent
Who dare with Force, or golden Arms op-
(pose
Thy NAVY, and Thy PARLIAMENT.

NI C A N D E R.

*A Pastoral Elegy, lamenting the Death
of that Victorious Monarch Wil-
liam the Third, who dy'd on the
8th Day of March 1702. In-
scrib'd to the Right Honourable
Charles Lord Halifax.*

NI C A N D E R.
VE tuneful Sisters of the sacred Throng,
Whom *Sylvan* Shades delight, and *Rural*
Whether residing by *Oxonian* Streams, (Song;
Or pleas'd with Reverend *Cam*, or silver *Thames*:
Whatever Lakes your Deities possess,
Whatever Groves your Smiles and Graces bless,
In your rude Weeds, and rustick Plainness fair,
As once to *Colin's* Verse, to mine repair,
And make it worthy *Halifax's* care,

O Thou, who couldst *Nicander's* Acts relate,
And only fit to mourn *Nicander's* Fate,
Suspend thy Transports, and diviner strains,
And listen to the voice of weeping Swains.
While every Tree attended to their Lays,
Witness'd how just their Sorrow, and their praise.

Nigh *Kentish Downs*, from whence you may
(survey,
England's tall Bulwarks floating on the Sea.
On a Hill's sunny top young *Melan* stood
Surpriz'd, and gazing on the moving Wood.
A sudden warmth his generous mind possest,
Inflam'd his Fancy, and inlarg'd his Breast.
The Fields he scorn'd, and would no care bestow
On his soft woolly Charge, which fed below.
On a high Subject he presum'd to sing,
Promis'd new Glories to th' insuing Spring
From two such Helps, the N A V Y, and the
(KING.)

While

While Strength and Wealth in happy Union meet,
A giving Senate, and a potent Fleet.

He thought how safe Fair *Albion* might repose,
By Seas begirt, and fenc'd with Walls, like those.

He saw, * *Busiris*, thy approaching Fate,
But thought, (poor Swain !) *Nicander's* would be
(late.)

Oft on *Nicander's* Genius would he call,

Urge on the ruin of the Faithless *Gaul*;

His Throne shall totter, when thy Thunder rores,
And shakes his false, unhospitable Shores.

Deferring Heav'n his Justice shall display,
And speak a Vengeance fatal by Delay.

Thus did the Youth pursue his noble choice,
And dar'd above a Shepherd's humble voice.

He sung *Nicander*, Valorous and Young,
Surpassing ev'n the Race, from whence he sprung.

Told how he sav'd the rich *Batavian* Soil
When Crown'd with Victory, and cloath'd with
(Spoil,

* K. of F.

From Blood, from Slaughter and from *Mons* he
(came,

The *Gallick* Genius droop'd, and fled before his
(Flame.

What Lambent Fire did round his Temples
(shine,

When on the conscious banks of trembling *Boyne*
He stood? the flying Stream confess her fear,
Saw that no common Majesty was near.

Nor was all Fortune ; for the tuneful Swain
Led him thro' Dangers, and o'er heaps of Slain ; }
From *Steinkirk* Field, to *Landen's* bloody Plain.
How the pale Nymphs thro' with'ring Grotto's
(ran !

The Fountains wept, the Trees to fade began.
In hollow Caves oft were sad Echoes heard ;
All, but *Nicander*, for *Nicander* fear'd.

But the Nymphs ceas'd to mourn, a sudden
Adorn'd the Trees, and Nature's cheerful Face.

Safe he return'd from War's unkind Alarms,

At Home rewarded with *Maria's* Charms.

The Valleys round new verdant Garments wore,

And Flowers sprung up where they ne'r grew
(before.)

Darling of Heav'n ! Thy Presence is Divine

To bless our Meadows, and preserve our Kine,

And guard 'em from bewitching Eyes, with Thine,

Such was that Heroe whom the Shepherd prais'd

When to a higher Note his voice he rais'd,

While, careless of their Food below, the liss'ning
(Cattle gaz'd)

But ah! when Heav'n such mighty Blessing pours

On Man, they fall and dy, like hasty Showers.

For lo ! not far a Shepherd in Despair

Appears, with haggard Looks, and matted Hair,

Sad signs of sorrow, and of wondrous Care.

Thyrsis, the Name of that unhappy Swain,

The Herdsman follow'd, a lamenting Train.

Soon as young *Melan* hears their doleful Tale,
His Colour fades, his sinking Spirits fail.
Then on the Ground his wretched Corpse he cast,
Fell, like a Pine, rent by some Northern Blast.
His folded hands uplifted to the Skies,
While scalding Rivers gutter'd from his Eyes,
Thus he began; O no, ye Powers above,
No more be fam'd for Gentleness and Love;
You, who so mild and merciful appear,
On that sad Morn why were you so severe?
Like some rude Hands, more cruel and unkind
To springing Roses, than the Sun or Wind.
The rising Greatness you refuse to spare,
And crop that Virtue which no Storm can tear.

But we resign, since Heav'n requires his own,
Submit with Patience, and restore the Loan.
Yet give me this last Comfort to lament,
And from my gushing Eyes my Sorrow vent.

As your lov'd Shepherd mourn'd on *Israel's* Plains,

Not more profusely, tho' in nobler Strains.

This lofty Pipe could breath a louder sound,

When with harmonious grief he curs'd the ground

Where weltring in his Gore his Friend was found.

No : I'll not curse the Hills, nor flow'ry Dales ;

Let the sweet Dew descend, and fill the Vales :

The barren Mountains, be o'erflown with Rain,

Then spend your Moisture, and with me complain.

Nicander! ----from his Eyes fresh Rivers rowl'd,

Each Swain was struck at the sad Tale he told,

One minute as the Grave, and as *Nicander* cold.

Silence and Brief and Amazement fill'd the mournful place,

And a dumb Horror reign'd in every Face ;

Call *Thyrsis* gently rais'd the fainting Swain,

Se, *Melan*, and pursue thy Tragick Strain.

Whether you raise *Nicander* to the Skies,

Mourn the mighty Dead, in Verse which never

Task of wondrous Praise.----

(dies.)

D

Mel.

Mel. —————— A Task indeed
Superiour, and unsuited to my Reed.
Yet could my Voice rise to a pitch so great
As his, who mourn'd *Pastora's* cruel Fate,
My Grief above the Vulgar should appear,
And offer something Nobler than a Tear.

Thy. Tears are the Claim of every *Northern Swain*
You must perform above a common Vein.
The Willows chide thee, and the fading Grass,
And murmur'ring Streams upbraid thee, as they pass
The conscious *Zephyrs*, and th' unwilling Air,
With Grief to yonder Shore the heavy Tidings bear,
And wilt thou, careleſs Swain, forget to show
What to *Nicander's* Memory you owe?

Mel. Ah! no, my *Thyrsis*, I've no Thought so
Sooner shall Thyme prove hateful to the Bee,
Woods to the Boar, and to the Whale the Sea;
Tygers with Lambs, & Wolves with Sheep shall join,
And *Thames* and *Medway* mingle with the *Rhine*.

're from *Nicander's* Love I will depart,
Rooted for endless Ages in my Heart.

're on his Vertues I forget to call,
Or cease with Tears to mourn his *mighty Fall.*

Say, what dark Caverns, what secure Recess

Dost thou, *Nicander*, with thy Presence bless?

Dost thou to starry Groves above repair,

Where sweet Celestial Nymphs, divinely fair,

Wit rosie Garlands for thy golden Hair?

Why hast thou left these Plains, these Flocks alone?

They for their Shepherds pine, for thee their
(Shepherds moan.)

Has Malice drove thee from this hated Shore?

Never ! oh ! never to behold it more!

Or envious Planets snatch'd thee from our sight,
To add new Lustre to their drooping Light?

Whene're *Nicander* plough'd the watry Plain,
Safely he past the Dangers of the Main.

Rude Winds were chain'd : no Tempest vex'd the
 But all was gentle, and as calm as He. (Sea,

With endless prayers Heav'n's vaulted Roof we'rent,
 As oft it echo'd with the praise we sent.

Now vain are all the Vows we can bestow,

H'es gone, alas ! (O Scene of endless woe !)

On his last Voyage to the shades below.

On *Albion's* Isle he shook his sacred Head,

Cast back his wishing Eyes, and dying, said,

A long Farewell, be happy, when I'm dead.

Bear the sad news, ye Winds, ye Zephyrs weep,

No more to waft your Master o'er the Deep.

Like us, ye Seas, spend all your brackish store,

And let the falling Clouds supply You more.

Tho' we, and *Holland* should all Tears ingross.

Whose groaning Lyons seem to mourn the los.

What Sighs are blown from either Coast ! while

Mourns for a Son, but for a Father We.

A Father, fearless in the heat of Fight,
Whom Death in all his Shapes could never fright.
Mark, how profuse of his important Life
Forward he spurs, and mingles in the strife.
As if such precious blood would nothing cost,
When Kingdoms tremble for each drop that's lost.
Ah ! spare thy Soul, *Nicander*, spare to run
On pointed Swords, and Dangers of the Gun ;
The heedless Pike will gore thy tender Side,
Or some malicious *Gaul* thy Flesh divide.
Or Frosts will hurt Thee, or the Damps unsound,
When Evening Dews affect th' unwholsom ground.
But Damps and Dews were to *Nicander* kind,
Their Venom scatter'd by a Friendly Wind.
While Bullets tamely flew thro' hissing Air,
And only mark'd whom they had charge to spare.
O had He longer kept his sacred Breath,
Nor fell inglorious by a bloodless Death!

On *France* the grief of *Albion* had turn'd,
And the *League-breaker* had unpity'd mourn'd.

But Heav'n is just, and we deserve our Fate,
Who rashly murmur'd at a Gift so great
Pay your last Tribute, Shepherds, to his Herse,
With Tears bedew it, and adorn with Verse.

'Tis the sad Spoils of that Triumphant King,
Of whom each Grove, each Meadow us'd to ring,
Now a pale Carcass, an unheeded thing.

No more those Arms the glittering Sword shall
(wield,
No more shall thunder in the dusty Field.
No more shall Rivers at his Voice retire,
Mo more shall Castles tremble at his Fire.

Mourn him, ye Heroes, of the *British* Race;
Glory of Arms, and Valour's highest Grace.
He taught you Arts the Martial Dance to lead,
The Spear to brandish, and to curb the Steed.

The Foe to fright, and frightened to pursue,
Schemes, which no Time, no Nations ever knew.
Speak, ye shrill Trumpets, in a softer Tone,
And sigh ye Canons, to express our moan.

Tell us, ye Skilful Swains, who Nature chase,
O'er Woods, and Groves, and every shady place,
Who trace her winding steps for Health below,
Whether on herby Hills, or Vales she grow,
Or in *Salubrious* Fountains chuse to Flow.

Where was the Magick which to Plants belong,
o boasted, * *Daphnis*, in thy Sacred Song ?
Ye Springs, where fled ye, on that fatal Day,
When struggling with pale Death *Nicander* lay,
Mournful Victim, a lamented Prey ?

No more ye Springs, which in fair *Kent* abound,
In wholsom Channels flow beneath the Ground,
Are ever useles, and no more renown'd.

* Mr. Cowley of *Plants*.

No more, Ye Plants, be clad with useful green;
Let none but letter'd *Hyacinths* be seen.

Funereal Cypres, and the baleful Yeugh
Are fittest Objects for the Shepherds view.

Let the Triumphant Ivy now decline,
Low is that Head, round which it us'd to twine.

Wither, Ye Laurels, there's no use for you,
Lost is *Nicander*, for whose Brows you grew.

O could I find him, whither would I run ?
What Climates visit, like the trav'ling Sun ?

O'er what steep Mountains would I take my way ?
Nor fear, nor Danger should excuse my stay.

I'd pass the *Lybian* Sands, where Tygers yell,
Where Lyons haunt, and Dragons chuse to dwell.

Plough the vast Sea, to farthest Islands go,
Traverse the spacious Globe, with *Indians* glow
In scorching Beams, or freeze in *Russian* Snow.

Could I bring back *Nicander* to these Plains,
Where once he rul'd, and cheer'd the joyful Swains.

Could

Could I restore a Soul so justly brave,
And vindicate the Heroe from the Grave,
But gloomy Darkness, and invidious Night
Shuts him for ever from our longing Sight.

Thyr. Shepherd, thy Tears are just, thy numbers

(sweet,

Like cooling shades in *July's* sultry heat.

Hark ! how the Birds repeat on yonder Tree,
The Thrush and Bullfinch learn thy Harmony,

And *Philomel* takes a new Note from Thee.

Yet shall our Judgments give to *Damon's* place,
If that be he who wears a chearful face.

Dam. Shepherds, rejoice, begin in merry Strains,
Tis Holy-day, and shall be round the Plains,
Fair *Annabel* survives, a new *Elisa* reigns.

Mel. What Goddess is this *Annabel*, relate,
Whose Presence can repair a losſ so great ?

Dam. She's like an *April Sun*, whose powerful rise
Scatters the rainy storms, which cloud the Skies,
And chases briny Showers from *British Eyes*.

And

See ! how her Vertue is diffus'd around ;
New Bloffoms crown the Trees, new Roses scent
(the Ground.

Where-e're she treads, blew Violets appear,
And when she Smiles, she glads the Vernal Year.

Mel. Sure this is she, born for that wondrous
(Praise

We thought was destin'd for *Maria's Days*,
It is : I see the forming Years advance,
Beauty and Valour lead the Noble Dance.

Here on the *Rhine* victorious *Baden* fights,
And blazing, like a Prodigy, affrights.

There *German Eugene*, and his Fortunes go,
At *Mantua* knocks, and thunders on the *Po*.

Here *Annabel's Imperial Flag* appears,
Spain a new *Drake*, a second *Essex* fears.
By distant Winds the dreadful Sound is blown
To proud *Versailles*, and shakes the *Celtick Throne*.

New *Rising Suns* shall blaze in *English Flame*
And to the lofty Skies lift *Denmark's Name*.

Here

ere Peace shall dwell, here Spring for ever smile,

While *Annabel* shall bless this Happy Isle;

Whose Lightning shall, like Heav'n's, abroad dis-
(may,

At home be constant Calm, and endless Day.

VIGO VIA. A Poem.

*Occasion'd by the Success of Her Ma-
jesty's Forces by Sea and Land, un-
der the Command of the Duke of
ORMOND, General, and
Sir George Rook, Admiral.*

To HER MAJESTY.

DREAD MADAM,

ON whose Royal Ensigns wait
Auspicious Glory, and designing Fate ;
To whom Success and Victory repair,
Kind to the Great, and constant to the Fair ;
Whose Name around the Continent is blown,
And spreads a Terrour o'er the *Gallick* Throne

Who

Whose Thunder o'er the shaken *West* prevails,

Whose Charms can conquer, where Thy Thunder
(fails.

Lo ! from the opening Womb of Time appears
long Procession of *Saturnian* Years.

New Scenes advance ; a new *Platonic Train*
of Mighty Months roll on to bless Thy Reign.

chang'd is Fate, since when th' unwearied Sun
wice fifty Times his Annual Stage has run.

nce when that Mistress from our Hearts it tore
ho curb'd the Proud, and shook th' *Iberian* Shore.

Tho' since in Monarchs of th' Heroic kind
e've seen some glimpses of her God-like Mind ;
ss than a Century could ne're suffice
o raise up *Anna*, when *Elisa* dies.

So just is Heav'n ! so regular and true
wondrous ways, beyond Conception, new !

'Twas

"Twas the sad Month the † *Royal Virgin dyed,*
When *England* yielded to the *Royal Bride.*

We murmur'd then, but God rebuk'd our Sense,
Unknowing of the paths of Providence.

" Count hence a Hundred rowling Years, *said he,*

" Then shall this stiff repining Nation see

" Sufficient for One Age, a *Second Prodigy.*

" This fatal Month with Blessings will be kept

" And Children triumph'd, where their Father
(wept)

" A New *Armada* shall again be seen,

" A Prey that's worthy the *Britannick Queen.*

" Again with Fleets the burden'd Sea shall groan

" Nor shall our threatned Blow strike *Spain* alone

Hence flows my Theme ; *Bright Guardian*
(our Isle)

Look down, and smiling on my willing Toil,

† Queen Elizabeth dy'd, Marh 1602. Queen Ann began her Re
March 1702.

Permit me at Thy Feet this Verse to lay,

And prophecy, as far as Poets may,

A brighter Glory to this previous Ray.

Lo! at thy *ORMOND*'s Name the Muse prepares

To joyn with Anthems her officious Airs,

And meet with Praises, whom we sent with pray-
(ers)

'Twas not in vain we lent so vast a Mind

To the loose Waves, and each inconstant Wind.

Great Souls in their own Courages are sure,

And *Cæsar* in a Tempest is secure.

Nor can an *English* Heart presume to faint,

Blest with so Great a Queen, so Good a Saint.

None but *Emphatic* Cowards can dispair

In *ANN A*'s Fortune, and in *ANN A*'s Prayer.

On her Fleet she shall a Blessing crave,

The Brave grow bolder, and the Coward, Brave.

Vift from above some happy Angel flies,

And brings the sacred Pass-port from the Skies.

O'er all the watry World Heav'n's Charge is read,
Old Ocean rises from his owzy Bed,
And to his Sovereign Queen submits his hoary
(Head.)

Now did the Terrour of *Perfidious France*
Our Navy, from retiring Lands advance,
And bound o'er Billows in a Martial Dance.
Joy thro each Squadron runs, the Valorous DUKE
Inspires the Soldier, and the Sailor, *R O O K.*
And, as when *Helen's beanteous Brothers* shine,
Rough Storms are hush'd by the *propitious Sign.*
So is the Face of Heav'n from Tempest free,
When *ENGLAND's Admiral* insults the Sea,
Joyn'd with th' Heroic Blood of *O S S O R Y.*
The *British Angel* moves upon the Deep,
And lulls the angry Waves and Winds to sleep.
None but kind Breezes and befriending Air
Their weighty Charge to the wish'd Haven bear.
Europe begins to dread the blow, and all
Fear where this Cloud will burst, this Thunder fall.

Traytor^s

Traytors to God and Man at ev'ry Sail

Now quake ; and *Impudence it self looks pale.*

As when some low'ring Cloud, which Vapours

Preparing to discharge a Show'ry Storm,
(form,

Gathers apace, looks black, and bellies low;

The Shepherd quits the Flock to shun the Blow;

The Wary Pilgrim kens it, and a main

Trips to some Shady Covert o'er the Plain ;

Or, as when Fiery Comets, hung on high,

Traverse with frightful March th' enlighten'd Sky ;

The Populace below, with wise Amaze,

Look up, and tremble at th' unusual Blaze.

Avert, Good Heav'n! (they cry) th' unhappy Sign!

For sure it must some Plague or Dearth divine.

Some thousands by the bloody Sword will die :

Wo to that Kingdom whose sad Ruin's nigh !

* *

Nor

Nor less the Dread of the *Britannick Fleet*,
With ev'ry Instrument of Death replete;
With Cannons against Castles to prevail,
Whene'er they batter with their *Iron Hail*,
With murd'ring Carcasses, too sure to slay,
And Bombs, and Men more terrible than they.
If any Terror touch'd *Europa's Breast*,
The Spirits above as great Concern exprest.
For They, whom the Almighty has assign'd
To watch below, and wake for Human-kind,
Hearing, assembl'd in a deep *DIVAN*,
Concern'd for that unhappy Creature, *Man*,
When thus, the *Guardian of the West* began:

Bright Fellow-Ministers of God most High!
Kindred of Heav'n! Companions of the Sky!

Who

on several Occasions! 49

Who wield by turns, commission'd from above,
The Sword of Veng'ance, and the Shield of Love.
Now here, now there, your faithful Wings dis-
play, And guard with watchful Eyes the Realms you
sway ; Nor sleep in silent Night, nor tire in busie Day.
Declare what secret Cause to me unknown,
(You, who bow neareſt at th' eternal Throne,
While I, laborious, o'er those Regions run
Where bright *Ithariel* rowls the setting Sun ;)
Has mov'd Almighty Wrath ? For whom pre-
par'd His Shafts ? For whom those Floating Fabricks
rear'd
Which now oppresſ the Main ? What Nation's
Doom Sleeps in the British Oak's Destructive Womb ?

E

Is

Is this the time in which th' Almighty swore
His Holy Son's Religion to restore ?
Are these to punish the Blaspheming East,
Which fondly trusts in *Mecta's* cursed Priests ?
Or do they (as alas my Fears divine)
Drive to more adverse Shores, and threaten Mine ?
Does the loud Blood at last, of Millions shed
In *Mexico*, call Vengeance from the Dead ?
Or, have we since so swell'd th' increasing Score ?
And will the Thunderer connive no more ?

He said : The rest did on each other look,
As if confounded at the Words he spoke,
Till *Michael*, Northern Angel, silence broke.

Dominions, Principalities and Thrones,
Armies of Heav'n, Guardians of Mortal Crowns,

Whene'er

on several Occasions. 51

Whene'er the Eastern Viol shall be pour'd,
Where'er High God shall whet his angry Sword,
The Rising Sun shall see True Faith restor'd.
Tho' yet the Doom of *Mahomet's* behind,
And *Haly's* for a later Wrath design'd.
Sleep on their evil Hour! and let the Times
Awake, appointed for more horrid Crimes.
The Barb'rous *Turk* is to his *Prophet* just;
But *Christians* mock the God, in whom they
trust:

Does Earth-born Man so small his Anger make?
Moves he his Finger, and the World not shake?
Or are his Bolts so soft and harmless grown
In Air to wanton; and, like Feathers, thrown?
No: Let my Charge, the *North*, a Witness be
That Heav'n may *Wink*, but wants not Eyes to

See; *Heavenis* *gut* *zu* *erzten* *O* *buel* *erbt* *HT*
sinper *bould* *lacov* *airw* *elid* *argnM* *nisc*

Witness th' *Apostate Saxon*, how he flies,
Tost here and there ; Derision of the Skies !
While *Sweden* follows, to renew his Fear,
As the young Lion hunts the flying Deer.
Go on, brave Youth, belov'd of Heav'n, proceed,
And finish What th' Almighty has decreed.
The Doom of Perjury let *France* behold,
Tho' harden'd with Success, with Triumphs bold.
Her King, that Glow-worm, that assuming Clay,
Plum'd with false Grandeur, and dissembl'd
Sway, worn out in Fraud, and in Ambition gray :
Her King shall see (nor is it far) the Hour,
When wrong'd Forbearance, and affronted Pow'r
Shall rightly vindicate their high Command,
And use their Vengeance by a *Female Hand*.
This the loud Groans of suff'ring Saints desire,
Slain Martyrs this with vocal Blood require.

Thus

Thus does the perjur'd Gaul, thus represent
The High below ? Is this Heav'n's Government ?
Is Tyranny an Attribute ? Or can
Eternal Will revoke his Word, like Man ?
Ten thousand Woes besal him from on high,
Who, plac'd the Substitute of Heav'n, can lye,
Break sacred Oaths, and ev'ry solemn Tye !

Here Lightnings flash'd along the Chrystal
Ground,
Consenting Peals of Thunder mov'd around.
Th' Angelick Guardians (far as Spirits cou'd)
With Horror shook ; till thus their Prince persu'd.
Nor far the Preludes of his Promis'd Fall :
For, from the *Western Streights*, which Mortals call
C A D I Z ; behold a Navy homeward steer ,
Below a Race of valiant Men appear,
All mov'd with Anger, but untouch'd with Fear.

These must exchange their unsuccessful Aim
(Happy Misfortune!) for a nobler Game.

See farther Westward with *Peruvian Oar*,

A Navy making for the *Spanish Shoar*.

Tis for VIGOVIA's unknown Strand they hold,
A faithless Harbour for ill-gotten Gold.

This is that Prey, so long ago declar'd

In Council, for the *British Queen* prepar'd.

☞ The Author having unfortunately lost his
Scheme, this Poem is unfinish'd; which the
Reader is desired to excuse.

THE

THE

Portugal - Expedition.

February 170³₄.

On King Charles the Third's
Voyage to recover the Domi-
nions of Spain, usurp'd by the
Duke of Anjou.

A T length Auspicious Blasts are heard to blow
From Icy Lakes, and Mountains cloath'd with Snow.

Go, Austrian Hope, with this propitious Gale,
And loosen to the Wind thy swelling Sail.
The rugged North, pleas'd with the great Design,
Pays this to Anna's Wishes, and to Thine.

So has he chang'd his rough, uncourtly Mien,
Bows to the Hero, and obeys the Queen.

Tho' once unkind, he drove the fierce *Alane*,
And hardy *Suevian* from a colder Plain :
Tho' with a bleaker Breath he could displace
The *Goth* and *Vandal*, an unletter'd Race :
Force them, like hungry Beasts of Prey, to run,
And change their Climate for a warmer Sun.
Rome felt them, and *Iberia* was alarm'd,
Her Heat invited, and her Riches charm'd.
Yet now, relenting, he restores to *Spain*
Saturnian Times, and a true Golden Reign.
Think not, *Hesperian*, that the Sea can bear
A Burden fatal to the Grand Affair.
No: *England* thy *Armada* can forgive,
Nor sends her Own to Conquer, but Relieve.

Perry

Peru is worthless to a Prize so great,
And all thy Indies less than such a Weight.

Breath gently, *Boreas*, nor too brisk ingage;
Call the soft *Eastern Wind* to calm thy Rage.
Come, *Eurus*, nor in spicy Groves retreat,
Blow all thy balmy Breezes on the Fleet.
Neglect *Arabian Forrests*, nor refuse
When *Anna's Breath* inspires, thy own to use.

Sail, Happy Prince, to that expecting Strand
Where wealthy *Tagus* rows his golden Sand.
Ah ! whither gone ? What God inflames thy Mind
Thus to attempt the Deep, and trust the Wind ?
Here watry Mountains, never seen before,
Hang o'er thy Sacred Head, there Billows roar.
Dost thou nor Sands, nor Rocks, nor Tempests
fear ?
Whence so great Courage, when such Danger's
near ?

Canst.

Canst thou undaunted look, when ev'ry Wave
With gaping Mouth presents thee with a Grave ?

Yes ; nor let thy Imperial Father pause,
When *Anna* to Her Side His Eagle draws,
And lends the Thunder to support the Cause.

From the *French* Continent let Tyrants rise ;
Let Earth breed *Titans* to invade the Skies ;
And, to dislodge the Gods, usurp a Claim
To the fork'd Lightning, and avenging Flame.
Deser thy Triumphs, *Gaul*, withhold thy Boast,
Nor think with windy Threats to fright our Coast.
Britain shall thy false Thunderer remove,
Prepar'd, like *Crete*, to give the Rightful Jove.

Caroli

Caroli Tertii Iter Lusitanicum.

Ventus, Hyperboreo qui congerminatur ab axe,
Jam Tibi propitium, Carole, findat Iter!
Ad Tua Vela vocatus, adest, facilisq; Britannæ.
Dedidicit Boreas spernere jussa Deæ.
De gelidis olim quamvis detruderet oris
Indocti rabiem sævior aura Gothi:
Quærerentq; novas sedes, nova Littora Suevum,
Et cupidum Phœbi, dives Ibere, Tui.
Vandala Barbaries furit ex Aquilone sinistro,
Hinc Sarmatico vectus Alanus equo.
Solve, Hispane, metum, major tibi nascitur ordo,
Majus erit Venti dexteroris opus.
Nempe vocat Boreas spirantem mitius Eurum,
Nec cupit antiquas nunc meminisse minas.

Fortior

Fortior aspires, nec differat, Eure, labores

Vel Panchæa Tuos sylva, vel Inda Tuos.

Tevocat Europæ spes; sit tibi vile Sabeum

Thus, & aromaticum vile sit omne nemus.

I, decus Austriaci generis, pete Carole, littus

Quod lavat aurifluo prodigus amne Tagus.

Aspice inexpertus montes ut scandit aquarum!

Transit ut ignoti dura peric' la maris!

Nè timeas Aquilæ juveni, Leopolde; Tonanti

Dum similis fulmen, quod dedit Anna, gerit.

Creta Britannia erit; Sit Gens fæcunda Tyrannis

Gallica, dat teneros Insula sola Joves,

*On the Birth of the Duke of
Britany.*

B Oast not, Great *Bourbon*, of thy num'rous
Train Of Princes born to a successive Reign.
ANJOU lamenting his untimely Fall,
On his Progenitor shall vainly call.
Curst with a tedious multiplying Race,
For length of Issue lengthens thy Disgrace.
Remember *Priam*, by old *Homer* sung,
From whose prolifick Loys the fiftieth Hero
sprung.
The Ghost of *Dardanus* was pleas'd to see,
And smil'd on his ill-fated Progeny.

For

But *Pallas* with her frightn'ing *Aegis* strove
Against his Fortunes, and prevail'd with *Jove*:
No more *Apollo* could Assistance give,

But caus'd their Miseries in Verse to live.

Hector, untimely, felt the *Pelian Steel*,

Dragg'd at the Conqueror's triumphant Wheel.

In vain *Astyanax*, untaught to speak,

With tender Tears besought the ruthless Greek.

Ah *Troy* ! from Thee let Kingdoms learn their

End,

When False *Laomedon* the Throne ascend.

The Passion of Myrrha.

Orpheus relates the Story in
Ovid. Metam. l. 10, v. 300.
beginning

Dira canam, procul binc nata, &c.

A Mazing things of monstrous Love I tell,
Kindled by Furies, and provok'd by Hell.
O read not, Daughters, my polluted Rhimes;
Ye Parents hence, and shun forbidden Crimes.
But if my Verse shall o'er your Minds prevail,
Think of the Poet, and distrust the Tale.

Or

Or if a Poet your Belief shall win,
Believe that Punishment purs'd the Sin.

If yielding Nature in a hotter Clime,
Can viciously comply with such a Crime.

Happy, thrice Happy *Ismarus* and *Thrace*,
My Native Country and first breathing-Place !

O Rhodope, be thou for ever blest,
Nor frying Heats thy frigid Air infest ;

Or to incest'ous Loves provoke a *Getick* Breast.
Such Faults as these can parch'd *Arabia* shun ?

'Tis well our Climate is not near the Sun.

Where his hot Beams their guilty Influence
dart, A
To fire the boiling Blood, and scorch the Heart.

Shine on, ye sweet *Panchæan* Groves, and rear
Your Spicy Branches in the scented Air.

Let Cinnamon ambrosial Odours throw,
And costly Plants in the rich Forrests grow.
Let the glad *Arab* take delight to see
The Spices labour from the sweating Tree.
While *Myrrha* rises to her own Disgrace ;
Vain all her Fragrance from a Cause so base !
Thee, *Myrrha*, Thee, no *Cupid* did inspire,
The God of Love refus'd his modest Fire.
He, whose bright Altars never cease to shine
But with a Flame more pure, and more divine,
Disclaims his Title to a Wound, like Thine.
Some Furious Sister of the Cruel Three
Left her delighted *Acheron* for Thee,
Rose from the dreaded *Styx*, and in her Hand
Swelling with Venom, shook th' infernal Brand.
The twisted Vipers round her Temples clung,
And thy unguarded Heart with secret Poison stung.

To hate a Father, does inhuman show:
But less inhuman than to love him so.
Rich, youthful Lords thy Eastern Countries bear,
And Princes, beauteous as the Gems they wear.
All these contend thy blooming Youth to wed,
And reap the Honours of thy Virgin-Bed.
Incline, O gentle *Myrrha*, and be kind,
Preserve thy Virtue and absolve thy Mind.
Chuse one of these adapted for thy Play,
If out of these thy Father be away.
Some brisk, young Bridegroom, who thy Flames
may meet,
With Flames repeated, and requite thy Heat.

Revolving this in her molested Mind,
The unquiet Daughter could no Comfort find.
Sometimes she loves; sometimes she hates the
Name Of Lust, like that, and blows away the Flame.

Pensively thoughtful from her Couch she rose,
And Words, like these, her wav'ring Sense disclose:

O Strange Design ! what brooding Thoughts
within Hatch unripe Vices, and unacted Sin ?
Me, most unhappy of my Royal Race,
Shou'd I be guilty of a Crime so Base !
Ye Rights of Parents, and ye Gods above,
Oppose the Progress of such Impious Love !
Forbid the Sin ! if yet a Sin it be
To love a Father : --- But to love like me.
Yet Salvage Beasts have Nature's just Dispense
To couple freely, and without Offence.
When she provokes them on, no Law denies
The Vig'rous L---s, and the promiscuous Ties,
The gen'rous Horse supplies a Husband's place
On his own Daughter, and renew's his Race.

The sprightly Sparrow, in his heated Pride,

Receives his wanton Mother for his Bride.

But anxious Care, and conscientious Doubt,

Aw'd tim'rous Man, and sent curst Precepts out.

Nature has hung the goodly Mark in sight,

Gave us a Loose in uncontroul'd Delight.

Would make our Joys immortally divine,

But interposing Laws forbid the Seas to join.

Yet Lands there are in some remoter Clime,

Where Custom governs, and allows the Crime.

Where the kind Sons obediently comply

With their own Mothers, and improve the Joy.

The Daughter yields her Beauty and her Charms

To an imploring, lusty Father's Arms.

This filial Favour does their Duty prove,

Doubles Affection, and increases Love.

on several Occasions. 69

O had I there improv'd my glorious Race,
And ne'er been born in this unlucky place!
Curst be the Hour! --- But why should I exclaim,
And with forbidden Hopes abuse my Name?
Away! my Father may be lov'd, 'tis true,
But as a Daughter is oblig'd to do.
Daughter! That Word does all my Bliss destroy,
Or else I cou'd great *Cinyras* destroy,
I could all Night lie panting by his Side,
And, were he not my Father, be his Bride.
Proximity alone disturbs my Rest,
O were I Foreign, how should I be blest!
Fly, fly thy Country, such a Vice to shun,
Far, far remote, O wretched *Myrrha*, run
To Climates unpolluted by the Sun.
Yet something stops me, and commands my stay,
An evil Ardour, which I must obey.

Fain wou'd I see my Father Face to Face,
Talk with him, touch him, kiss him, and embrace,
Gaze on his Beauty, and his Form adore,
I'd be content with this,---if nothing more.
O impious Maid ! Blast that unruly Thought,
Why shou'd you hope for more than what you
ought ?
Think'st thou that Laws are useless, and the Names
Of Duty nothing, which a Parent claims ?
Thy Father and thy Mother will be sham'd,
And thou an Harlot and Adulteress nam'd.
Would'st thou be call'd (Prepos'r'ous to be done !)
Thy Brother's Mother, Sister to thy Son ?
Think you behold *Tisiphone*, and dread
The lighted Torches, and her Snaky Head.
See how she glares ! how terrible she seems !
Persues your Fancy, and disturbs your Dreams.
Then since alas ! he cannot be enjoy'd,
Th' immodest Thought of such a Crime avoid.

on several Occasions. 71

Stain not your untouch'd Honour, nor defile
The Law of Nature, with a Lust so vile.
Suppose you wou'd : the Thing requires your Awe,
Your Father's pious, and observes the Law.
And wou'd to Heav'n he had the same Desire,
Burn'd with like Fury, and with equal Fire!

She spake, and from her Royal Chamber came,
But labour'd to conceal the struggling Flame.
The Cyprian Court shone with the noblest Lords,
And richest which the wealthy East affords.
Contending Princes crowded in to wooe,
So bright a Train the conqu'ring Myrrh drew.
Her Father, doubting, ask'd her which to chuse,
To whom she wou'd consent, and whom refuse.
The blushing Virgin knew not what to speak,
But fixes Face to Face, and Cheek to Cheek.

O how the Dew did uncommanded rise,
And in warm Rivers trickle from her Eyes!
Her loving Father wipes away the Tears,
Thinks them the Tokens of a Virgin's Fears,
Then on her Lips he seal'd a gentle Kiss ;
She gladly press'd her eager Lips to His.
Grasp'd him with Lovers Arms, as loth to part,
A more than filial Joy enlarg'd her Heart.
Ask'd to what Prince she wou'd be closely ty'd,
In whom she wou'd delight ; she streight reply'd,
In one like You : Her Royal Father smil'd,
Call'd her Dear Daughter, and Obedient Child.
Daughter ! that Word was Poison ; at the Name
She hung her *conscious Head*, & blush'd with shame.
Twas now the Noon of Night, when Mortals steep
Their weary'd Bodies, and their Cares in Sleep:
Not so did *Myrrha*; for her Flames of Love
Were far more watchful than those Fires above.

Some-

Sometime in Rage her dangling Locks she tears,
Stifles her furious Wishes, and despairs.
Sometimes resolving to reveal her Fires, [fires.
Shame stops her Speech, but not her strong de-
As when some lofty and Imperial Oak,
E're she receives the last deciding stroke,
Nods here and there, and, doubting where to fall,
On all sides threatens, and is fear'd on all.
With various Wounds so Myrrha's Mind's opprest,
Unfixt each moment, and unus'd to Rest.
No Ease at last, no Remedy is found,
But Death alone, to heal the mortal Wound.
Then welcome, Death, *the Cure of Love*, she cries,
And to a Beam her Golden Girdle ties.
Farewel, she groan'd, Dear Cinyras, farewell!
Oh ! at those Words what Briny Rivers fell !
Let This, said she, (and pointed to the Knot)
Declare my Love, when *Myrrha* is forgot.

'Tis

'Tis said, the Nurse o'erheard her silent Moans,
Her faultring Speech, and undistinguish'd Groans;
With eager Haste up rose the trembling Dame,
Unlock'd the Doors, and to her Chamber came.
When entring (who the Horroure can relate ?)
She saw the ready Instruments of Fate.
What Tears she shied ! what Fears her Mind possest!
At once she tore her Hair and beat her Brest.
From Myrrha's milky Neck the Cord she rent,
And then she took some Minutes to lament ;
Embrac'd her close, and with a tasteless Kiss,
Ask'd her the cause of a Despair like This.
A dreadful Silence seiz'd the Royal Maid,
Her Crime discover'd, and Attempt betray'd.
Her Head hangs down, her stiddy Eye-balls stare,
Fix'd on the Ground, as if her Eyes grew there.
In muttering Sounds she curses as she stands,
Th' unfinish'd Labour of her tardy Hands.

Th' old

on several Occasions. 75

Th' old Beldam urges, with her Bosom bare,
Her empty Breasts, and ragged, hoary Hair,
To tell her secret Troubles, and impart
The pungent Anguish of her wounded Heart,
By all th' indearmments of her tender Years,
By her first Cradle, and her Infant Tears.
But *Myrrha* turn'd away, her Face to hide;
Again she asks and is again deny'd.
Trust me, she said, I'll be for ever true,
Nor only secret, but assisting too.
Think me not useless in my Life's last Page;
The Mind grows stronger by experienc'd Age.
Say, my dear *Myrrha*, is it Love you feel?
My Charms shall loose it, and my Herbs shall
heal.
Or if some evil Look thy Mind betray,
We'll purge the Venom in a Magick Way.

If

If Heav'n be angry, we will Heav'n invoke,
Altars shall shine, and Frankincense shall smoke.
What shall I think? your Fortune and Estate
Are safe from Danger and the Shock of Fate,
Your Mother's Beauteous, and your Father's
Great.

When she heard Father nam'd, what Groans did
shake

Her tortur'd Breast, as if her Heart would break
And now the cunning Beldam does begin
To find 'tis Love, but dreams not of the Sin.
Impatient, and resolv'd, with eager Haste,
The weeping Virgin in her Lap she plac'd,
And threw her wither'd Arms around her Waste.
Come tell me, Daughter, (nor believe me blind)
I see the sad Distemper of your Mind:
Tell me your Man, and I'll so careful prove,
That your own Father shall not know your Love,

on several Occasions. 77

trust me, he shall not. At those Words she sprung
from her weak Arms, like one possest, and wrung
her snowy Hands, about the Room she flew,
and on the Couch her wretched Body threw.

She gone, said she, I cannot, dare not name
the secret Causes of my rising Shame. O
Depart the Room, or cease to vex me so;
'tis a Crime which you desire to know.

Ah' astonish'd Dame in wild Amaze appears,
And trembles more with Horror than with Years.
She kneels at her Feet, and when her Flatt'ries fail,
She try's how Threats and Anger can prevail.
Shows her the Halter, frights her to confess,
Threatning, the Court shall know the dire Dis-
grace.
At vows, if trusted, to be true and kind;
Heavy Sorrow prest the Virgin's Mind:

Her

Her ready Tongue was lifted up to tell,
But down th' unwilling, willing Member fell.
When her swift Words refus'd a longer Stay,
And broke through Sighs and Groans, which
stop'd their Way.
O Happy Mother (here she hid her Face)
In such a Husband, such a King's Embrace!
And then she groan'd; At this the Nurse began
To fear: deep Horrour thro' her Marrow ran.
Her lank, white Hairs, erected with the Fright,
Rose in a bristly Form, and stood upright.
With solid Proofs she argu'd to dissuade
Th' unnatural Passion of the Royal Maid.
The Royal Maid with deep Attention heard
Her just Dissuasions, and her Counsels fear'd:
Knew she spoke Truth; but with a fainting
Breath
Groan'd out, I must enjoy my Love or Death.

on several Occasions. 79

Live then, said she, you shall enjoy your Love;

She spake; and vouch'd it with the Name of *Jove*.

'Twas now the time, when yellow *Ceres* yields

The bearded Honours of the fruitful Fields,

When pious Matrons to her Temple go,

And clad in Garments imitating Snow,

Pay the first Fruits to her by whom they grow.

'Tis counted heinous, for nine tedious Nights

To taste of Love and conjugal Delights.

'Mongst these, the Consort of the *Cyprian Throne*

Appear'd, and left her *Cinyras* alone.

The Beldam chose this favourable Time,

The Queen now absent, to promote the Crime.

And now she goes, her Promise to fulfil,

Wickedly careful, diligently ill.

For as on bed the lusty Monarch lay,

Opprest with Wine, and full of amorous Play

Which

Which Wine had rais'd: in comes the studious
Dame,
Disclosing under a dissembled Name,
The Love of Myrrha, and provokes his Flame.
And when with stammering Speech the King in-
quires
Whether her Bloom would answer his Desires.
She streight replies with a deluding Tongue,
She's fair, like *Myrrha*, and like *Myrrha*, young.
Haste then, said he, and fetch this charming Maid;
She flies, and answers you shall be obey'd.
Returning home, Daughter rejoice she cry'd,
For we have conquer'd on the surest side,
Th' unhappy Maid no perfect Joy could feel,
A conscious Grief presag'd approaching Ill;
Yet She rejoyc'd: So various is her Will.

• 'Twas the deep Ebb of Night: *Bootes* Car-
Mov'd upwards, rowling nigh the Northern Star.

Her

Her dubious Mind divided passions sway'd,
Slowly she walk'd, half joyful, half afraid.
The bashful Moon blush'd at th' unseemly Sight,
Drove down the Sky, and hid her borrow'd Light:
The glimm'ring Lamps above, which wink'd before
On mortal Crimes, saw this, and wink'd no more.
Th' *Icarian* Taper did her Brightness shrowd,
And *Virgo* fled behind a misty Cloud.
Thrice (hateful Sign!) she Stumbled, as she went,
Thrice were her Knees upon the Threshold bent.
The hooting Owl in an unlucky Note,
Thrice Scream'd ill Omens from his fatal Throat.
Still she goes on, while Night's officious Shade
Assists the Boldness of the lustful Maid.
On the Dame's Shoulders her left Hand she Lay,
While t'other blindly feels the secret Way.
Now at the destin'd Chamber-Door she Stands,
With shivering Knees, sad Looks, and trembling

Hands.

G

The

The Rose and Lilly vanish'd from her Face,
And Fear and Paleness leap'd into their Place.
Her Courage fails, which boil'd so high within;
And oh! how willing would she shun the Sin!
She now repents; thinks it a Crime to stay,
The pressing Beldam chid her dull delay,
And drew her, where th'expecting Monarch Lay.
Here take your Love, embrace her, and be Kind,
And then their two devoted Breasts she joyn'd.
The Father revels in soft filial Charms
And throws around her his polluted Arms.
Perhaps, with rev'rence to his graver Years,
Call'd her, dear Daughter, to allay her Fears.
But she, perhaps, tho' trembling at the Name,
Might call him, Father; to compleat their Shame.
And now the fatal Bed the Daughter leaves,
While with incestuous Seed her Womb conceives.

Nor is He sated with unripe Delights,
The Crime is doubled by repeated Nights.
Till *Cinyras* with long Enjoyment tir'd,
Began to loath what he so much desir'd :
And fain wou'd know on what soft Lady's Breast
So oft he panted ; whom so oft carest.
At his Command discov'ring Lights betray'd
His Crime, and Daughter, now no more a Maid.
He saw, he blush'd, he wept, his Soul boil'd more
With Indignation, than with Lust before.
Straight from his Sheath his shining Sword he
drew ;
Up *Myrrha* starting, to the Desart flew.
The friendly Darkness of th' officious Night
Diverts her Murder, and assists her Flight
O'er spacious Meadows, and deserted Sands,
Palmy *Arabia*, and *Panchæan* Lands.

Nine times the Moon hid her diminish'd Head,
And blush'd as often with increasing Red,
E're Wandring *Myrrha* in *Sabæa's* Wood,
Tir'd, and impatient of her Burthen, stood.
Where thus contending in a doubtful Strife,
The Fear of Death, and Weariness of Life :
She to the Pow'rs above these Pray'rs address't :
Ye Pow'rs, if any pity Crimes confess,
I ask no Pardon, no Reprieve desire ;
But punish *Myrrha* as her Crimes require.
Yet, lest my Life or Death Infection spread
Among the Living or among the Dead,
Transform my wretched Shape. I neither crave
To breath in Air, nor moulder in the Grave.

Some God or Goddess, milder than the rest,
Assented kindly to her last Request.

Robb'd of her Beauty, of her Form depriv'd,
In part she perish'd, and in part surviv'd.
Her Senses gone, still mournful she appears,
Weeping sweet Drops of Estimable Tears.
Her Name shall flourish in *Sabæan Myrrh*,
An odoriferous Tree, so call'd from Her.

The Power of Beauty.

To SERAPHINA.

Read *Seraphina*, what this Paper tells,
How much a Beauty, like your own, excels.

How Man is foil'd, how Love's unerring Dart,
Like Death's, impartial, pierces ev'ry Heart.
How vainly Kings, and conqu'ring Heroes bear
Their Swords and Sceptres, to resist the Fair!

Yet tho' so large and boundless is your Sway,
Be gentle; Pride forget, and Love repay.
Take, *Seraphina*, and with Kindness use
This double Present of my Heart and Muse.

I feel the Force of what these Lines rehearse;
Do thou approve my Passion, and my Verse.

Three sprightly Youths grown eminent in Arts,
Three Questions started, to exert their Parts.
The first appearing in the Grape's Defence,
Affirms that *Strongest* which subdues the Sense.
The next, that nothing has so just a right,
As *Scepter'd Grandeur* and *Imperial Might*.
The last does stronger Arguments prepare
For the *Weak Side*, and vindicates *the Fair*.

Now high enthron'd the *Persian Monarch* sate,
In Pompous Scene of Majesty and State.
The Nobles stand around on either side,
To hear the Trial, and the Cause decide.

But when the second Orator had said,
The *Court* divided, and a Party's made.
Some the exalted Strength of *Wine* esteem,
The *Speaker* praise, because they like the *Theme*.
The flatt'ring *Tribe* assert the *Strongest Thing*
Is *Man*; of Men none equal to the *King*.
O'er all the Palace diff'rent Murmurs ran,
Till Eloquent *Zorobabel* began.

Hear me, ye *Persians*, and attend me well;
Nor *Man* prevails, nor does the *King* excel
In *Sov'reign Pow'r*, nor ought we to assign
The *Strongest Virtue* to the *Strongest Wine*.
Wine, what it conquers, has not strength to keep,
If still we rise refresh'd, and new from Sleep.
Nor is this Praife due to the mighty Boast
Of valiant Numbers, and a warlike Host.

Monarchs their Length of Empire plead in vain,
If forc'd to bow to a *superior Reign.*

WOMEN alone are those enchanting Things,
Which vanquish Armies, and which conquer
Kings.

From *WOMEN* sprung all Men whate'er
they be;

Lords of the Land and Sov'reigns of the Sea.

The *King* himself his Birth to *WOMAN* owes:
To *WOMAN* they, by whom the Vineyard
grows,

They rear'd the *blushing Vine*, and *WOMEN*
those.

From Silken Webs soft Garments they prepare
To fence the Body from the glowing Air.
Should they refuse their useful Aid to bring,
Man were a helpless melancholy Thing.

The greedy *Merchant*, to augment his Heap
Of Gold and Silver, sails upon the Deep.
Despising Tempests, he undaunted tries
The raging Ocean, and the louring Skies.
And if his Bark has fortunately sped,
He laughs at Thunder grumbling o'er his Head.
But if a *Charmer* of the *Female Race*
Dart with her Eyes, and *lighten* with her Face,
He gapes and gazes on th' alluring Sight,
Pines all the Day, and sighs away the Night.
His *Eastern Gems* he ceases to prefer,
And *Pearls* grow worthless if compar'd to *Her*.

If once a Youth conceive an am'rous Flame,
Fathers are nothing but an *empty Name*.
Mothers in vain oppose their flowing Tears,
Their *Nine Months Labours*, and their anxious
Fears.

on several Occasions.

93

For a soft Bride he will his Country fly,
For which brave Heroes have rejoyc'd to dy.
His Native Clime he willingly forgoes,
Fryes in the Sun, or treads the Mountain Snows.
Combats with all the Miseries of Life,
Pleas'd with his Labour, if he please his Wife.

Whether he ploughs the Deep, or ploughs the
Soil, He smiles on Danger, and delights in Toil.
Brings to the Fair the Product of his Pains,
His Summer Profits, and his Autumn Gains.
To raise her Glory, and maintain her Pride,
He sails on Rivers, dares the boistrous Tide.
And lest his Love should murmur or complain,
Robs on the Land, and Pyrats on the Main.
Such strange Inchantment in a Woman lies!
Such wondrous Magick sparkles in her Eyes.

Should

Should his wrong'd Country or weak Parents call,
For her *dear sake* he would refuse them all.

If *She* commands, obedient to her Charms,
He's hoop'd in Iron, and affrights in Arms.
Patrouls in Desarts, and wild Beasts pursues,
Tastes Evening Vapours, and unwholsom Dews.
If a *starv'd Lion* meet him in the Way,
His Throat he seizes, and bestrides the Prey ;
So strong his Love, he will a Monster fight,
Does the vain terrors of thick Darkness flight,
And frowns away the Goblins of the Night.

Some with their Senses have been known to
part,

And lost their *Reason* when they lost their *Heart*.
Others have warr'd for *Woman's* sake alone,
Gave the World Freedom, and resign'd their own.

Kings

Kings of ten thousand Slaves , have Slaves

became,

And scorn'd Dominion for their glorious Flame:

Crimes, Rapines, Murders, Treasons owe their
Rise

To a *dear Woman's* fair bewitching Eyes.

Some , the wide Wounds of flighted Love to
heal,

Deep in their Hearts have thrust the fatal Steel.

Or with their Wine, when the *Coy She* deny'd,
Have mingled *Poison*, drank, despair'd, and dy'd.

Is there a King of more extended Power,
Through the whole Globe, than *Perſia's Emperor*?

Is it not *Treafon* to dispute his Sway ?

And Death, if he commands, to disobey ?

Dare *Monarchs* murmur at th' approaching Sound
Of his vast Armies, covering all the Ground ?

Indus

Indus and *Ganges* tremble when they hear
Their clattering Armour, and are froze with
Fear.

Yet fair *APAME*, with her Smiles or
Frowns,

Rules that *Great Head*, whose Nod shakes *Eastern*
Crowns.

As at a Banquet, with the King of late,
On his Right Hand the *Lovely Charmer* sate,
From his Imperial Head she snatch'd the Crown,
And (for I saw her) fix'd it on her own.

I saw her strike him with her snowy Palm,
And yet that awful Brow was wondrous calm.
Th' enamour'd King, to reconcile the Fair,
Tries all Indearments and each gentle Prayer;
To ev'ry *Art of Love*, for Aid he flies,
Watching each Glance and Motion of her Eyes:

His

on several Occasions. 95

His ev'ry Passion *She alone* could guide ;
If *She* withdrew her charming Face, *He sigh'd,*
Smil'd, if *She smil'd*, but if *She frown'd, He dy'd.*

Surely, nor Men, nor Monarchs can compare
With Woman if they thus obey the Fair.

He said ; the Court his Eloquence approve,
And *Great Darius* judg'd the *Cause for Love.*

T H E

THE
Desperate Lover.

*Imitated from the Greek of
Theocritus. Idillum. 23.*

A Youth, who often felt Love's mighty Pain,
Lov'd a fair Nymph, but was not lov'd
again.

Beauteous her Face, her Features beauteous were,
But she, alas, was more unkind than fair.

For, as his Love grew strong, she coyer grew,
Nor was she only coy, but cruel too.

The winged Boy oft shot his fatal Dart,
But she, unpractis'd, never felt the Smart ; }
Unwounded was her Breast, untouch'd her Heart. }

Whether

on several Occasions. 97

Whether blind Cupid was a God or no,
How sharp his Arrows, and how strong his Bow,
She either knew not, or she would not know.

Rough was her Soul, and savage her Converie,
Her Mien was haughty, and her Language fierce.
Her Cheeks and Lips might shame the opening
Rose;
But these no Hopes afford, no Comfort those.
Those stubborn Lips refusing to impart
A Kiss, which softens Love, and warms the Heart:
Those Eyes, which first inflam'd the Am'rous
Boy,

Those Eyes, which shone like Light, like Fire do
stroy.
As a wild Beast, design'd the Hunter's Prey,
Roul's back his angry Eyes, and scours away;

Such was the Nymph! so shunn'd his youthful
Flame! So frown'd! which ill her beauteous Face be-
came.

And if by chance she touch'd him with a Look,
The sparkling Beams her wrathful Eyes forsook.
Straight, by Antipathy, her Colour fled,
Her Cheeks grew pale, and lost their lovely Red.

Yet, barb'rous as she was, he thought her Fair,
As if her very Anger charming were.
Nor could that Fierceness, which had chang'd
her Face,

Dilodge his Passion from its ancient Place!
At last, his Grief unable to contain,
And show'ring from his Eyes a briny Rain,
When with despairing Looks he had survey'd
The hated House, where the stern She was laid,

on several Occasions. 99

He kist the Threshold, which her Feet had prest,
And thus th' inexorable Fair address.

Ah cruel Nymph ! of Wōthen Thou the worst !
Thee surely Mountains bred, Thee Tygers nurst:
For Rocks and Tygers soft and humane be,
If Rocks and Tygers are compar'd with Thee.
For generous Love Thou mak'st no kind Return,
Unworthy of the Flames with which I burn !
But now I come to cure my fond Disease,
This Steel thy flinty Breast will surely please.
Think not I mean thy Choler to create,
Or breed new Matter for thy Scorn or Hate.
This Gift th' unpleasing Object shall remove ;
Then you will smile, you will my Pangs approve,
'Tis such a Present, such a Sight you Love.

Where Thou hast doom'd me, I prepare to go,
And find a Lovet's Remedy below.

H z

There

There I shall Draughts of cold Oblivion take;
Yet should I drink the whole Lethæan Lake,
Not all its Rivers could remove Desire,
Or slake my Thirst of Love, or cool my Fire.

But now no more I will my Passion tell,
Here, smiling, take my long, my last Farewel.
Relentless Nymph! I know thy future Doom:
Roses are sweet, and lovely in the Bloom;
Yet soon their Odour and their Beauty's past,
Spoil'd by rude Hands, or by some Northern Blast.
A short-liv'd Youth the Violet enjoys,
This Month that blossoms, which the next de-
stroys.
Fair Lillies wither, and the Silver Snows,
By the warm Sun dissolv'd, their Whiteness lose.
Such will thy Beauty be, which charms the Plain!
So short thy Cruelty! a Tyrant's Reign.

on several Occasions. **PO**

The Time will come, when Thou shall weep
to see

Thy Self forsaken, and refus'd, like Me.

Avenging Love will take my injur'd Part,

For all thy Triumphs o'er my slighted Heart.

Yet since the living Lover pleads in vain;

Allow one Favour to the dying Swain,

When smear'd with Blood you see my Body ly,

Stand still and gaze, nor pass regardless by.

Then take and wrap me in thy silken Vest,

Ah ! let the Dead obtain this small Request !

Human at least to my last Shade appear,

And sacrifice one Sigh, one Funeral Tear.

Fear me no more, for should thy Arms embrace

My bloodless Corps, and Tears bedew my Face,

Should'st thou relent, thy Tears were shed in vain

To fetch the Dead to hated Life again.

Thy softest Kisses would be fruitless all,
Which might have sav'd whom they can ne'er
recall.

Make me a hollow Tomb, a Tomb which may
Hide my hard Love, and there my Body lay.
Then thrice (departing) cry, *My Friend is dead;*
Add, if you please, *My lov'd Companion's fled.*
Then on the Marble, which my Bones shall
keep,
Inscribe this Verse, and make the Marble weep,

To Passengers, behold a Lover slain,
By Unkind Hate, but more Unkind Disdain.
He lov'd a Nymph, the Fates did so decree,
The Fates were cruel, but more cruel She.

on several Occasions. 103

He said : and with the Dagger, which he bore,
He pierc'd his Heart ; out flow'd the purple Gore,
The *Nymph* beheld him weltring on the Ground,
And carelesly survey'd the gaping Wound.
Yet still her Breast no melting Pity knew,
No streaming Tears her stubborn Eyes bedew.
With no Concern on the slain Corps she stood,
And dipt her Virgin Garments in his Blood.
No Mourning in her Face or Dress she shows,
But to the *Ring*, the *Park*, and *Playhouse* goes.
With Courtly Nymphs the distant *Bath* fre-
quents ;
The God she injur'd views , nor yet relents.
For o'er the Water you might *Cupid* see,
In Marble carv'd, but not so hard as *She*.
Whether by Chance or Choice, with mighty
Fall,
Love's Statue tumbles from the Pedestal,

Cruising th' *inhuman Nymph's* devoted Head,
Whose Breath with these last dying Accents fled.

Farewell, ye Lovers; for the Nymph is slain,
Whom a kind Shepherd lov'd, but lov'd in vain.
To scornful Virgins, be forewarn'd by Me,
How Your Disdain offends the God; for He
Has Arms to punish, and has Eyes to see!

T H E

THE FAIR INFIDEL.

FAIR Seraphina has a wondrous Art,
To wound and charm the most abdurate
Heart. But then the Nymph, to Unbelief inclin'd,
In Love's Religion has a Jewish Mind.

Hence she derides Melander's amorous Pains,
And binds the Slave, yet never sees the Chain; All Ovid's Tales of no such Changes tell,
A Goddess turn'd into an Infidel.

The fam'd Descendants from the Queen of Love
Obtain'd Protection, when Tarpeian Jove

With

With Sacrifice was anciently implor'd,
And Victims offer'd where they most ador'd.

This I have done, but to compleat my Grief,
Gain no Assistance, nor create Belief;
As if my Vows were nought but empty Sound,
And all the Victim bled without a Wound.

With Unconcern she hears my purest Sighs;
She sees the fragrant Incense mount the Skies:
But thinks the first from false Devotion came,
And vows the Altar smoak'd without a Flame.

Say, cruel Charmer, is't a thing so new,
That Beauty should the Power of Man subdue,
In all its Lightning dress, and Arm'd like You?
The hardy Soldier, exercis'd in Wars,
Proud of pitch'd Battles, and his glorious
Scars,

Won,

on several Occasions, 107

Won, when the Gallick Fury he withstand'd,
And waded for his Liberty in Blood;
Would court his Fetter, if he saw your Charms,
Dispirited, and useless in his Arms.

The Wise believe it Interest and Gain,
To lose their Freedom and embrace your

Chain; I could tell more but shooe would be
A Slavery which Kings would proudly own,
And for their Passion Abdicate a Throne.
To fall, like Me, fair Seraphim's Prize,
And crowd to the numerous Triumphs of her
Eyes.

Still not believe the Truth of my Desire?
Has ever Heat flow'd from a painted Fire?
Say, at a sudden View, what means the Smart
Which smites my Liver? Why recoils my Heart?
Why, when by chance I hear your sacred Name,
My Visage changes with a generous Shame?

As

As in discolour'd Summer-Fruits we find,
The Tracks of Lightning or a blighting Wind,
So Heav'nly Love has a peculiar Art
To paint the Face by Touches from the Heart.

To shun the Converse of all Human Race,
I court the Woods and each forsaken Place.
All Nature hears me, and believes my Tale,
The Winds, the Hills, and every humble Vale.
If in the Groves, my melancholy Choice,
I talk to Trees, and Things depriv'd of Voice,
Soft Echoes pity my unhappy Care,
And, if I would consent, would blame the Fair.
The Leaves around are to my Complaint inclin'd,
Shook by my frequent Sighs, a mournful Wind!
The Myrtle seems to listen and to learn,
And nodding signifies a dumb Concern.

on several Occasions. 109

The *Laurel*, once a cruel *Nymph*, like *You*,

Wishes that *Phœbus* had been half so true.

She had not then refus'd, nor coyly fled,

But blest his Heart, and ne'er adorn'd his Head.

Round me the Birds a solemn *Chorus* make,

And, prattling, witness her unkind Mistake.

Young warbling *Philomels*, when I complain,

Learn a new Lesson, and improve their Strain.

But she alone, while I this Song rehearse,

Denies the Witness, nor believes my Verse.

So lov'd *Apollo*, when *Cassandra's* Pride,

Or not believ'd, or, if believ'd, deny'd.

The God, revengeful of the *Phrygian* Dame,

Blasted the Credit of his *Delphick* Flame.

But Miseries, like Mine, are doubly great;

Like *His*, my Passion; and like *Her*, my Fate.

To

To William Jordan of Gat-
wick, Esq. Horace's 9th
Ode, B. 2d. imitated.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber & Scythes, &c.

May the 29th. 1705.

I.

Hence the Unseasonable Thoughts of War!
Nor ask who in Livonia will succeed,
Whether the Warlike Pole, or Russian Czar,
The sleeping Genius of the North will rouse,
Against the Fury of th' Unthinking Swede,
And ravish their lost Laurels from his Youthful Brow.

on several Occasions. 111

Or whether MARLBOROUGH designs
To storm Saar-Louis, or attack the Lines.

Campaigns, *My Friend*, and Sieges are
Below Thy more important Care.

Nor should such ruffling Storms molest
The *Halcyon Smoothness* of thy Breast.

Doubt, Avarice, and the pale Multitude

Of greedy Harpies, which intrude
Ev'n at our Meals, no Entrance find

On the strong Arbour of your Mind,
Which You can straiten or unbend;

Skill'd in those *generous Arts* which bless
Whom Fortune and the Muse loves,

The Gentleman, the Scholar, and the Friend.

III.

On gilded Earth we're fondly bent
Short Life with Little is contented

The

The Tide of Blood, whose sportive Race
Inlarg'd the Veins, and flush'd the Face :
Which wanton'd in the lively Eye,
Will ebb, and leave the Channel dry.
Smooth *Youth* will, like the *Sun*, retreat,
Drive backward its *Solstitial Heat*.

Time will the Winter of our Years expose
To frigid Age and hoary Snows.

Then *Love* with all his Ammunition flies,
And wanders for some nobler Prize ;
Some active Youth, for his performing Dart,
No more to strike your worthless Heart ;
No more shall gentle Slumber close your waking
Eyes.

III.

Succeeding Months change *Nature's Face*,
Dethroning with a swift Decay.

That reigning Pride, that vernal Grace
Which blossom'd in the flow'ry *May* :
The *Mistress* of the *Skies*, the *Moon*,
Which now the *azure Heav'n* adorns,
Shall rowl her *less'ning Orb* from her *Nocturnal*

(*Noon*,

With *feeble Beams* and *waining Horns* ;
Nor will she always rule the *Night*
With equal *Blushes*, equal *Light*.
The present Minutes are the best,
To *Providence* commit the rest.

Let trifling *To----d* and his empty Tribe
Presumptuously attempt to find
The *Counsels* of th' *Eternal Mind*,

And *shallow Reason* for a *Rule* prescribe.

With Arms uncapable to swim,
He labours in his *Fairy Dream*,

Till with inferiour Strength he plunge th' unfa-
(thomable Stream.

I V.

To Wisdom Infinite we wisely leave
What our short Opticks never can conceive.
We justle in the Dark to know
The secret Cause of Things below.
And if We some small Knowledge get,
'Tis hammer'd out with Pains and Sweat.
Then let old Nature's Mysteries alone
To Ray, to Lister, or to Sloane.
While thus more chearfully we sit,
And taste the Season of the Year
Beneath this spreading Oak, and hear
The sportive Innocence of Wit.
Round us the merry Poets of the Spring
Instruct us how to Live and Sing.
'Tis SECOND CHARLES's glorious Day;

Boy,

Boy, bring the *Florence*; let us shew
What to his Memory we owe;
What Bankrupt we can never pay,
To Him, who sav'd a sad distracted Nation,
By happy Omens of his Birth, and happier Resto-

(ration.

V.

ANN, British Monarch, Pious and Divine,
Sprung from the Royal *STUART*'s Line.
Fill up the Glass : Let every Man
Begin a Health to Royal *ANN*;
Wish she may still survive to see
Her *Second Self* in some immortal Progeny !
Thus in good Friendships were I always blest,
I could with Joy my Fortunes bear,
Nor envy *D.*----'s poor Estate :

i z

Thus

Thus cou'd I ever rest,
Above th' ambitious Hunger of the Great :
Slacken'd from all importune Care,
But that which SERAPHINA blows into my
(glowing Breast
Go, Muse, and bring her home, and tell
How much her Beauty and her Love
Our Happiness will heighten and improve:
A Happiness which nothing can excel,
But that we hope to find ABOVE.

To *Stephen Harvey, Esq;*

In Imitation of *Horace's Ode 3.* Book I.

*Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris, &c.*

I.

THE Man, whom once the smiling Muse
Has nourish'd with *Castalian Dews,*
Soon as he makes Life's first *Essay,*
New to the World, and Stranger to the Day,
Must bid a long *Farewel to All*
Which Happiness by *Irony* we call.
Nor shall he to the *Indies* roam
Nor bustle in the *Change at home:*

I 3

Nor

Nor shall he eminent appear
In Chancery or Westminster;
Unless, like HARVEY, He can joyn
The smoother Labours of the Nine
With the rough Study of the Bar.

I I.

Unskill'd to guide the foaming Steed,
To curb his Rage, or rule his Speed,
When his wing'd Heels scarce print the place,
He shall not Rival in his Race
The flying Coursers of New market Breed.
Him neither clashing Arms nor Camps shall please,
(The Muses court Retirement and soft Ease)
No slaught'ring Weapon shall he wield,
In bloody Wars no Honour gain,
Nor climb the Pyreneans of the Slain.

In the discolour'd Field,
Fam'd *Hockstet*, or *Ramillia's Fatal Plain* ;
Known for *Bavaria's Second Fall*,
And the swift Flight of the defeated *Gaul*,
Too impotent in hopes to grasp the *Universal Ball*.

III.

Nor shall he for *Vigovian Spoils*
Or more renown'd *Brabantine Toils*,
On a Thanksgiving-Day repair
To *Paul's* in a Triumphant Coach ;
Nor amidst thund'ring Shouts, which wound the
(Air,
Make his magnificent Approach.
Nor shall he shine in History,
In Annals or in Poetry,
Because near *Barcino*, or *Calpe's Shore*,

(Old Ocean from Tyrannick Fleets to free)

From Rash *Thoulouse's* Hand he tore
The TRIDENT of the Sea.

IV.

To bind the Poet's peaceful Brows
New Laurel in the Forrest grows,
If nigh the Banks of murm'ring *Thames*,
(Rival in Praise with *Heliconian* Streams)

In *Mantuan* Numbers he excel,
Or like *Maenides*; describe Campaigns,
Or, skilful in *Pindaric* Strains,
Strike the Melodious Shell.

O *Muse*, sweet Empress of the Lyre!
If Thou exalt my chosen Name
Among the Foremost in the List of Fame,
And *HARVEY*, Great and Good, inspire:

AU.

*AUGUSTA's Sons shall deign to place
Your Votary among the Tuneful Race,
Whose Verse no Teeth of Time, nor snarling
(Envy, shall Deface.*

An Epithalamium.

Come, lovely Youths, who never try'd
The Blessings of a charming Bride;
And You, who never yet could tell
What Pleasures in a Bridegroom dwell,
Observe this Happy Couple well.
You softest Virgins come, and see
How sweet the Joys of Marriage be.
Attend them to the Nuptial Bed,
And there the *Rose* and *Lilly* spread.
Tho' if we rightly things compare,
It seems unnecessary Care,
They more than *Roses sweet*, and more than
Lillies fair.

II.

Play harmonious Notes, begin,

Strike the sprightly Violin.

Let every Instrument and Art

Of Melody perform its Part.

What Musick can like Them agree?

Can any Song or Consort be

Brisk as the *Bridegroom*, and as soft as *She*?

Bid the Drum beat, and move

The ready Warriours to the Feat of *Love*.

A silent War, which breeds no Wounds,

Which needs not the shrill Trumpet's Sounds,

To hearten the brave Soldier on,

And drown the last departing Groan.

It is the *Husband* and the *Wife*

Who here decide the fatal Strife,

And yet the *Companions* die to give new *Heroes*

Life.

III. Hail

III.

Hail Happy Pair! and may the World behold
In You, the Reliques of the Age of Gold!

Or let us cease to say, how Men

Enjoy'd unsully'd Blessings then:

How the *First Couple* liv'd before the *Fall*,

But take from You th' Original.

So, like the *Sun*, (for things below

Are less than can my Wishes shew)

May You in Age and Vigour grow!

May You, like Him, each Year create, and see
New Plants, and smile upon your beauteous Pro-

geny!

So plac'd above the vulgar Crowd,

Like Him, with constant Glory shine,

Without His Spots, without his Cloud,

Both when You rise, and when decline,

Like Him, to newer Business; tho' he seems
To take his Lodging in *Hesperian Streams*:
Yet, while to Us he ceases to disclose
His Rays, He sets to Labour, not Repose,
And in new Worlds his scatt'ring Vigour sows.

On

On a Lady, of a Voice incomparably sweet, who died Young.

A S a sweet Bird, to rest his weary Wings,
Takes to a Wood, and on some stately Tree,
Ne'er dreaming of his Misery,
Tunes his harmonious Throat, and sings :
Till a remorseless Wretch, whose Ears
Ne'er felt the Force of Melody and Verse,
With an unpitying Hand destroys
The feather'd Charmer's Voice.
So fair *Emilia* did excell ;
So She sung, and so She fell.
Abruptly snatch'd away by hasty *Death*,
Who stopp'd his Ears, to stop her Breath:

on several Occasions. 127

For much he fear'd, that if he should delay
To hear Her sing, He should for ever stay.

I I.

Sweet Charmer ! Thon art mounted to the Skies,
Where an eternal Ecstasy goes round :
With what Attendance to the Gods she flies !

How all the Heav'ns resound !

See where the *laurel'd Angels* sit !

Hark ! how the *sacred Poets* string
Their golden Instruments, and sing !

But she is silent yet.

When She begins some *Heav'nly Air*,
Some *Hymn* so excellent and rare ,
Sure 'twill inhance the *Blessings* there.

Daph-

Daphne's Denyal.

When Daphne o'er the Meadows fled
To save her untouch'd Maidenhead,
And shun Apollo's Suit :
The haughty Virgin did not fear
His certain Darts, nor scorn to hear
The Musick of his *Lute*.

II.

No : something else must needs create
The Gause of such a cruel Hate :
And this was her Condition ;
She lov'd the *God*, as he was *fair*,
And of a bright immortal *Air*,
But hated the *Physician*.

DITHYRAMBICK:

*Imitated from the Greek of
Bacchylides.*

Γλυκεῖς αὐάγχη σεροπέα μήλινα.

BACCHUS, the Seed of Thund'ring Jove,

Begot the Queen of Love.

Whatever Ancient Poets feign,

Who, in a cold and sober Vein,

Thought sprightly Heat could from dull

(Water rise;

K

And

And thence they lifted to the Skies

The greatest of the Deities.

But sure a Goddess so Divine

Would scorn th' enervate *Froth* and unperform-

ING BRINE, An

And owe her Birth to nothing less than *Wine*.

With all her little Loves I see her swim

Above the Glass, and sparkle on the Brim.

Down, down she goes, o'er ev'ry Part

The Gentle Goddess reigns :

I feel her trickle in my Veins,

And steal upon my Heart.

My Liver, and my Blood she warms,

Now, now I view my *SERAPHINA*'s Charms,

And now I clasp her in my Arms.

I ask not Winds to cool my Fire,

But bid them hasten, and remove

Those grave Impertinents which damp my Love

And

on several Occasions. 131

And interrupt Desire.
Blow then beyond the farthest East and West,
And in the *Ganges* plunge Despair,
As in this Glass I drown my Care,
And drive it an Eternal Exile from my Breast!

I I.

Hence, dreaming Loyterer! the Spring draws

We'll to the Wars: Bid the Drum beat,
And Trumpet sound: For we will meet
In Battle, and prevent th' insulting Enemy.

Why this delaying? Come, march on,
Let not the *Rhine*, nor Sea your Passage stop;
But swim it o'er, or drink it up:
Till we have *Hannibal* out gone:
Or that poor weeping Conqueror of *Macedon*.

132 PROEMS

We are Bold *Britons* all, and scorn to shed
 A Tear, except it runs in red.
 We'll spend our precious Gore,
 And when that's out we'll drink for more,
 And fill our Veins with nobler Blood, and better
 (Life restore.

Come on! My leading Genius calls,
 Storm *Namure*, and shake the Walls:
 Down, down they fall!
 Death and Destruction triumph over All,
 And we reign! Arbitrary Monarchs o'er the Con-
 quer'd Ball.

Whatever I behold
 Is Silver all, and Indian Gold.
 Christ, and He who drank the foaming Bowl

on several Occasions. 133

Of floating Gold, was but a common Soul,

Compar'd to Me,

To whom the Riches of the Sea

With ev'ry Billow rowl.

No: I shall ne'er be poor, shall never pine

For want of Money, or of Wine.

Here's a whole Fleet, a Cargo come,

Some from the Streights, from the East Indies

Some fill my Granaries with Corn,

And some into my Coffers pour

All Pointy's pillag'd Wealth, an unexhausted Store:

Here rowls a Sea of Wine from Bourdeaux and

Some fill my Granaries with Corn, (Leghorn,

Some fill my Granaries with Corn,

So can the pow'rful Grape our Reason cheat,

And o'er our giddy Fancy reign.

Till from the France recover'd, we regain

Our better Minds, and find it all Deceit.

Old Gold Goblet & the Golden Cup.

Companied to W.

LOVE and MUSICK,

An ODE for the Entertainment
of the Musical CLUB
in Cambridge, 1700.

The Two first Stanza's, and the last, are
Set to Musick by Mr. Quarles of Trinity
College.

To VENUS.

Come, Cytherea, from Thy Paphian Bower,
Bring ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry Smile

To favour the Britannick Isle,

And listen while we Celebrate thy Power,

Upon the Dewy Ground,

With Flowry Garlands crown'd,

3101

A

Thy

on several Occasions. 135

Thy sweet *Adonis* lays his Head
With blushing Roses round him spread,
And op'ning Lillies for his Bed,

II.

Hark! he calls in Musick's Voice :
With am'rous Talk the pratling Strings
Resound, and thy *Adonis* sings,
While the loud Trumpet's sprightly Noise
Calls the brisk Violin, and soft Flute,
And manly Viol to dispute

The Conquest, and with Triumph gains the Cause

Chorus. *Come, Cytherea, come, we all agree,*
That Love and Musick make the World's sweet Har-

(mony.

Kel 4 dancem diff III. Pro-

III.

Prolifick Queen ! from Heav'n descend,
Mount thy gay Chariot, drawn by milky Doves,
With all thy little Troop of Loves,
Which fill thy Train, thy Court attend.
She comes ! she comes ! Prepare the glorious
(Way
With Musick, and salute the Day.
Her wanton Sparrows first appear
And celebrate the new-born Year.
The Lark repeats her lofty Song ;
And, stretching out her mounting Wings,
By weary Steps to Heav'n she springs,
And strikes it with her Tongue.
While the shrill Linnet tunes her Silver Throat,
And *Philomel* instructs her warbling Young
With melancholy Note.

IV.

Venus obeys the signal Sound :

She views the Sunny Hills around,
And from the Sky descends to bless the pregnant
(Ground.

The Groves erect their Branchy Heads,
And when new liquid Life she pours,
The healing Plants and fragrant Flowers
Rise from their humid Beds.

Numidian Lions feel her gentle Power ;
And, softened into Tenderness and Love,
Lay down their Fierceness, and forgot to roar;
When o'er the howling Wilderness they rove,
To seek their tawny Paramour ;
Th'untroubled Ocean flows
With a serener Tide ;

Tritons

Tritons above the Waves, emergent, ride,

And each his ratling Coral blows.

Come, Goddess, and exert thy Reign;

At thy Approach large Phœnix play

Submitting to thy easie Sway,

And all the Scaly People of the Main,

Thee, Sea-born Queen, obey.

V.

Love, like a subtil Poyson creeps

On Man, and there his Empire keeps.

Rise, Anthony, repair thy ruin'd Fame,

And waken to a Nobler Flame,

The Trumpet calls thee, and the Drum

Rattles; Octavius and the Romans come,

To find a second ACTIUM.

Lo! rouz'd from his deep Lethargy,

Horrid

Horrid in Steel the Hero shines afar,
Like Mars, when rushing to the War;
But VENUS smiles to see
By Venus taught, th' Egyptian Queen prepares
Softer Musick, tender Airs.
Delighted Cupids clap their Wings,
And temper all the Magick Strings,
Down, down the melting Lover lies,
Lull'd in th' enchanting Sorceress's Arms,
He feels the Witchcraft of her Eyes,
And true Egyptian Charms.

V I.

What cannot Love and Musick do?

Love sent the Thracian Bard down to the Shades
(below,

When to his Lute the Savages he drew,
And rapid Rivers ceas'd to flow.

Horrid
Thrice

Thrice, *Eurydice*, he cry'd!

Hell, Thrice, *Eurydice* reply'd.

Then on the steep insuperable Hill

The Stone of *Sisyphus* stood still,

And *Musick* stopt the running Wheel.

He Sung and Play'd,

The Stygian Pow'rs obey'd;

And from the pale Infernal Throng

Streight to his Arms restor'd the beauteous Shade,

So Mighty was his Love! So wondrous was his

(Song)

V

Call'd on me when I was young, and said,

Call'd on me when I was old, and said,

Call'd on me when I was sick, and said,

Call'd on me when I was well, and said,

Call'd on me when I was dead, and said,

Call'd on me when I was living, and said,

Call'd on me when I was dead, and said,

On a Gentleman drawing his
Own Picture, Sept. 1703.

Such Strokes so Bold, so Eloquent, and True,

Were Those which Nature's forming Pencil

drew,

When in your Features she at first design'd

T' express an Excellence of Human kind.

So You, with wond'rous Skill surprize and please,

Bold to Refine upon a Master-piece.

Your Touch so graceful, and so strong your Art,

There's all of Nature, but the Speaking Part.

Yet ev'n in that we're willingly deceiv'd ;

Our Eyes are false, nor are our Ears believ'd.

Let Chloë, if thy Flame she disapprove,

Look on thy Picture, and she dies with Love.

Had

Had Great *Apelles* in such Lines been drest,
So spoke in Paint, by his own Hands express;
The skilful Artist had more Honour won,
Than by the Cyprian Queen, or *Philip's Son.*

Paint on! The *British* Genius draw, (since You
Can for your self perform what none can do)

In *ANNA's Face*; Nor need your Art despair,
Mix *Jove* and *Venus* formidably Fair.
Here let the *Thunder* from her Navy fly,
And there the *Lightning* sparkle from her Eye.

The

The REPEATER.

Out of Martial, l. 3. Ep. 37.

Occurrit tibi nemo quod libenter, &c.

YOU often ask, Sir, when we meet,

Why all Men shun you in the Street:

Why ev'ry place, where'er you go,

A lonesome Solitude does grow.

The Reason is, if you would know it,

You smell too rank, Sir, of the Poet.

And trust me, 'tis a dangerous Crime

To worry Men to Death with Rhime.

Robb'd Tigresses, mad Bulls, and Bears,

Are not so dreaded or so fierce

As those who *Bedlam* it in Verse.

For,

For, tell me, Sir, what Man of Sense
Can bear with such Impertinence ?
Eternal Dulness, which would tire
A Socrates, or Job to hear.

Where'er I walk, where'er I run,
You persecute me like a Dun.

Or if I stand, or if I sit,
I'm plagu'd with your inhumane Wit.

If I go home with Resolution,
To fly Poetick Persecution,
And study very hard to find

A way to pay you in your kind ;
In vain I on the Muses call
For Help ; for you ingross them all,

No place is safe : for if I fly
To cooling Streams, or Rivers nigh ;

Yet

on several Occasions. I. 45

Yet still you hover o'er the Brim,

Repeating faster than I swim.

To Sup I go, where you Repeat

Ten Verses every Bit I eat.

With Hearing spent, and almost dead,

I fly for Refuge to my Bed.

Me, the Still Night, think I, secures,

When every Tongue is mute, but Yours.

Me from Your Voice no Night can keep ;

Like Ghost in Chains You closely creep ;

And, ratling, chime away my Sleep.

Sir, would you know what harm you do ?

You're Just, you're Innocent and True.

Your Vertue's honour'd ; but your Metre

Is curs'd by All, Thou Damn'd Repeater !

Yet

L

The

printed 1750 rev'd 1751

The A S S.

From Monsieur Fontaine.

IN Italy, as Authors tell us,

There liv'd a Painter wondrous Jealous :
Tormented with a *Female Evil*,
Tempting, and Subtil as the *Devil*.
A slippery *Proteus*, whom no Chain,
Nor all the Padlocks could contain.

Thus she created frequent Smart
To Husband's aking Head and Heart.
And 'twas the Business of his Life
How to Confine that *Eel* his Wife.

Inventing Noddle seems at last

With an *Odd Whim* to hold her fast.

Resolv'd

on several Occasions. 147

Resolv'd with Brush his Art to shew,
Whate'er he can't perform below.
He drew an *ASS* with wondrous Skill
On the soft Brow of *Venus-Hill*.

Thus, if she stray'd he cou'd for certain
Know her, by drawing up the *Curtain*,
Or, if a Neighbour were so bold
To leap the Fence, or break the Hold,
The *Ass* wou'd speak,

But ah ! how vain our Counsels are,
And all our Plots against the Fair !
Comes an old Friend, a Pencil-Brother,
Rubs out one *Ass*, and paints *Another*:
But adding what the First did lack,
He draws a *Saddle* on the Back.

CHLOE was wondrous pleas'd, and smil'd ;
To think how *Sugniour* was beguil'd ;
Who reeling home one Evening late,
With *Mellow Looks*, and *Jealous Pate*,
Vow'd he'd not take a Wink of Sleep,
Without one dear departing Peep.
Will you distrust me, *Chloë* crys,
Inhuman Man! and wipes her Eyes.
Take then your Spectacles, and view it :
Th' *Aſſ* is as whole, as when you drew it.
I see my *Aſſ* is whole, my Dear,
Quoth *Don*, as when I left it here ;
But P---ue take him who clap'd the Saddle there.

An Ode out of Anacreon.

HOW feeble are my Limbs ! how all
My Hoary Hairs begin to fall !

My withering Veins no longer beat,
With *springing Blood*, and *lively Heat*.

Perish'd is all that *Comely Grace*,
That Bloom, which flourish'd in my Face, }
And Wrinkles now supply the Place. }
And now the small remaining Measure
Of Life, is short, without the Pleasure,

This does *repeated Groans* create,

This Truth with Horror I relate,

And tremble at approaching Fate.

I know the Day will come, when I
Must hear my Doom, *Prepare to Die.*

'Tis *Hell* I fear, that gaping Pit :
How dreadful the Descent to it !
Who shoot that Gulf, must ne'er return,
But in Eternal Darkness mourn.

T

The 103d Psalm Paraphras'd.

A Thanksgiving after a Deliverance from
Sickness and Trouble.]

Jan. 1703,4.

Glory, my Soul, and Blessing give
To God Alone, by whom you live ;
To God, whose Mercy did impart
New Health and Vigour to my Heart.
Nor cease, my sprightly Blood, to shew
His Love, who taught you how to Flow;
Who rais'd me from Disease and Sin,
From Ills without, and Ills within.
Just had they plung'd me to the Grave,
But These he Cur'd, and Those Forgave.

His Melting Pity, Tender Grace,
Like a bright Diadem's Embrace,
Blaz'd round my Head, and Lighten'd in my Face.
Thou, Lord, art infinitely Good,
Thou, like an Eagle's, hast renew'd
My Youth ; and like an Eagle, I
Will mount, and tell thy Praises thro' the Sky.

II.

Tell how nor Death, nor Hell's more dreadful
(Stings,
Can shake a Soul o'ershadow'd with thy Saving
(Wings.

Tell how Egyptian Lords in vain,
With Iron Hands presume to reign;
When for their Tyranny and Wrong,
Billows on crowding Billows throng,

And

And Whelm the *Haughty Host* in th' *Erythrean*.

(Main.

This *Moses* saw, when on the farther Strand

He wav'd aloft the *mighty Wand*,

And th' Amaz'd Sea his Ancient Strength re-

(gain'd.

O Wonders of insuperable Height !

Above the Stretch of Reason ! shewn

To *Jacob's Moody Race* alone :

Unfathomable Depth of Mercy Infinite !

So strong the Rivers of his Goodness flow !

So Swift his Love ! His Wrath so Slow !

Which, if it chance to Swell, and rise

To meet our Crimes, which dare the Skies ;

His *Pity* then begins to chide

His *Rage*, and Calm the *Rapid Tide*.

His *Crushing Thunder*, which might justly Slay,

Is only Shaken at *Unmindful Clay*.

And

And, to lay down so oft the *Lifted Rod*,
Speaks the *Kind Father*, and *Forbearing God*.

III.

As this Round Globe's inferiour Face,

Compar'd with yon' Ethereal Space,

Is but a Point to those Above :

So Infinite is Heav'nly Love

To a Religious Race.

Thy Mercy, Lord, from Sin has set us free,

As farthest East is from the Western Sea,

So distant are our Crimes from Us and Thee.

Tho' We, thro' Weakness, ev'ry Hour

Like Idle, Heedless Children, fall,

Thou like a Father, sparest all

Who love Thy *Goodness*, and who fear Thy *Pow'r*.

You knowest whence we came ;

How brittle Dust compos'd our Frame :

on several Occasions. 155

Like Vessels in the Potter's Hand,
Too Prone to break ! too Weak to stand !

IV.

Can Nature's Dress appear more Gay,
Than in her Darling flow'ry *May*?
Yet must those short-liv'd Honours of the Field
To the rude North their Beauty yield ;
Or to the cruel *Scythe* become a Prey.
Such are our Days, an empty Shade :
Death stalks behind us, to deride
Our noisie Vanity and Pride,
Which smil'd like Lillies, and like them decay'd,
Nothing is sure and permanent below,
Corruption reigns within us as we grow.

Thou only, Glorious Father, e're the World be-

(gun,

Wert,

156 *P O E M S*

Wert, and shalt be for ever, when all Worlds
(are done ;
When Time's no more : Then shall thy Blessed
(Saints
Be rank'd among the Bright Inhabitants.
They with their Children's Children then shall
(see
Along Succession of Posterity ;
Who practis'd what thy Prophets taught,
Sincere in Word, and pure in Thought.
They with *Repenting Sinners*, shall thy Mercies
(taste,
And Joys, which never can be told, and never can
(be past.

V.

High supereminent in Heav'n, the Throne

Of God is fix'd : He Reigns Alone.

All Things above us, and below, obey

His Just, his Good, his Universal Sway :

While the proud Lords of this round Mole-hill

(here,

Like Emmets, in his Sight appear,

Mere Royal Worms, and Gilded Clay.

Praise him, ye holy Angels, which excel

In Strength, or *Michael*, or *Ithuriel*,

Or *Gabriel*; Blest Names! who fly

At his Command, from ev'ry Corner of the Sky.

Whose high Examples teach us to fulfil

His Word, and execute his Will.

His

His Name let ev'ry Creature bless,
All Things in Air, Earth, Sea, their Gratitude express;

And Thou, my Soul, thy *Pious Offering* bring

To God, the Wise, the Gracious King.

Who Life to Thee, and Being gave,

Who now has snatch'd Thee from the Grave,

And taught Thee whom to praise, and how to

(sing.)

(Psalms)

The Powers in His Glory blesse,

Wise Rose's Mouth, and Gladdened City,

High-thrown, a joyful Ambler, a high exalt,

In brightness, of Nature, or Virtue,

O' Charity; High Virtue, who is

the Coming, how to thy Country to the Syl-

Wise high Exaltation, has to fulfyll

The World, superexcuse his Will.

The 130th Psalm Paraphras'd.

A S a Poor Wretch, by Tempests tost,
His Vessel wreck'd, and Venture lost,
With feeble Arms contends in vain,
Against the Surges of the Main :
Then casting round him his despairing Eyes,
Sees nothing but *High Seas*, and *Low'ring Skies*,
The Billows rowl above, and plunge him as they
rise :
So, like the Waves, my Crimes oppress me
(down;
So shall I sink, and so shall drown :
Unless my Voice reach thy *Attentive Ears*,
Unless, Great God, Thou free me from my Fears,
Whelm'd in th' Abyss of Sin, and drown'd in
(Tears.

III.

Lord ! should'st Thou act a Judge's part,

And at thy Last Tribunal stand

With all thy *Thunder* in thy Hand,

To search the Secrets of the Heart :

(As Nothing's hid from thy *All-seeing Eye*)

Should'st Thou our *Inmost Actions* try,

Our Lurking Holes of *Wicked Thoughts*,

Our Frailties, and our wilful Faults :

Who cou'd the Scrutiny abide ?

Who cou'd be Sav'd? Who Justify'd?

But Thou art Mercy, Thou art prone to spare,

And shew a *Tender Father's Care*.

Nor wilt our *Evil Deeds* expose ;

But Wink at These, and Pardon Those.

on several Occasions. 161

For this thy Name each Day and Night we'll
With Heart and Voice; And, as we rightly
Express our Reverence and Gratitude :
And never cease to Pray, and never cease to Praise.

III.

Not so in Camps the Centinel oppress'd
With Watching, and with Want of Rest,
Wears out, impatient, the long sleepless Night
In Wishes for the Morning Light :
As thy Salvation to obtain,
I watch, O Lord ; nor watch in vain.
To thy Try'd Mercy, and Repeated Grace,
Bold on the Wings of Faith I fly,
And on Thy Promises rely
Made to Thy Chosen Race.

M.

IV. O

VI.

O Jacob's Race, no more Despair,
But trust in God with Faith and Pray'r.
His Bounteous Mercy will impart
Remission to thy Sins, and Comfort to thy Heart.
Yet think not that his Mercy is confin'd
To Jacob's Seed alone of all Mankind.
Where'er his True Believers dwell,
They are his Portion, his lov'd Israel.
Those and You he shall Redeem,
And tho' our Crimes would drain the Fountain
(dry)
Yet still that unexhausted Stream
Flows, and will flow for ever with a fresh Supply.

II

The 148th Psalm Paraphras'd.

YE Blest Inhabitants, who dwell
Above th' expanded Starry Space ;
Ye Beings of Celestial Race,
Begin the Noble Song, and God's Just Praises tell.
Those Blessed Powers I mean, whose Sacred Lays
Are ever dedicated to His Praise.
Who His Eternal Majesty proclaim,
And never cease to glorifie His Name.
Praise him, ye Lamps of Heav'n, ye glittering
(Stars ;
And You, O Sun and Moon, unwearied Travellers :
Wherever round the World you go,
Whatever Clime You visit here below,
His worthy Praises sing, His Noble Wonders show.

II.

Cease not Ye Heav'n of Heav'ns ; nor Thou,
O Heav'ny Ocean beside,
Where never Winds did in their ratling Coaches
(ride,
Or discompose thy Watry Brow :
Where never raging Storms did roar ;
Where never Mariners did cut their Way,
Except the *Blessed Mariners*, They,
Who thro' this Sea are wafted to their Heav'ny
Shore.
Praise him, ye Seas ; and as you rowl along
Tune all your Waters with a Grateful Song.
Never, O never silent be ;
But let Posterity his Wonders hear,
His Acts to late Posterity declare,

How at his *FIAT* th' undigested Heap

From *Chaos* Womb began to leap.

For ever keep my Law, said He,

Firm and Unshaken, stand in perfect Unity,^{xxv.}

Nor Fate, nor Time, shall break th' unchangeable

(Decree.

III.

Let Earth, and all her Num'rous Issue prove,

As full of Gratitude and Love,

As those Celestial Creatures are Above.

Whether they Sheep or Lions be,

Which Bleat on Fruitful Pasture Lands,

Lions and Sheep shall in his praise agree

Or howl o'er *Libya's* Burning Sands;

Praise him, ye Fishes, which the Ocean sweep,

With Great *Leviathan* of monstrous Size,

Who takes his Pastime in the Deep,

And spouts against the Skies.

Nor shall the Liquid World alone declare
His Praise, but all the Regions of the Air
Where Thunders rowl, and Lightnings shine,
Shall in the Universal *Chorus* joyn.

The rattling Hail, and Fleecy Snow,
And Winds which from each Corner blow
When with their Breath rough Storms they
To execute his Word below,
Shall speak his Wonders, and exalt his Praise.
Let joyful Echo's ev'ry Valley fill,
And ev'ry Mountain, ev'ry Hill:
Till the glad Sound does to the Trees repair,
Till Lebanon's Tall Cedars hear:
Till the wild Beasts, which round the Forest rove

Become Serene and Tame,
Taught by the Vocal Grove,
In smoother Strains to praise their Makers Name.
Praise him, ye Birds of an unweary'd Wing,
Whether you in the Woods delight to sing,
Or fill the Air with an harmonious Lay,
To God your grateful Notes and Harmony repay.

V.

Nor, you O Kings and Princes, cease to sing:
Ye Great Vice-Gods of this Terrestrial Ball,
Do You the humble Tribute bring
To God the Universal King,
The Father, and acknowledg'd Lord of All.
Him let all Nations and all People praise,
From whence the Sun begins his Morning Race,
Till down he drives his Chariot in the *Western Seas.*

Him let all Human kind adore ;
The Blooming Youth, and Lovely Maid,
And Hoary Age, by Time decay'd,
And helpless Infancy express his Power.
Thus his dear Saints shall spend their Night and
Day ;
Thus shall his Darling *Israel* praise and pray,
And sing an everlasting *Hallelujah*.

Descensio Sancti Spiritus.

Considere Senes, visæ descendere linguae,
Quassa strepunt tecti mænia, saxa gemunt.
Quid tonuisse Aquilam magni Jovis arma ferentem
Miramur ? cum jam Sancta Columba tonat.

THE Sacred Twelve with reverend Silence
meet,

Devoutly waiting for the Paraclete.

Lo ! from the Clouds an unknown Glory broke,
And Fiery Tongues God's Approbation spoke.
The Shaken Raftures were amaz'd to see
And Trembling Stones confess'd the Deity.

No more, Great God, shall Fiction boast her

Jove:

This argues for Thy Government above;

An Eagle bore his Thunder, Thine the Dove.

*On the ceasing of the Oracles upon
on the Birth of our Blessed
Saviour.*

When from Almighty Wrath the Saviour
fled,

To Sacrifice his Meritorious Head ;
To live an Exile from his Ancient Throne,
And suffer for Offences, not his Own :
False Deities ador'd the Child, and fell

Down to their *Primitive Damnation, Hell.*

On The Delphick Priestess was no more inspir'd,
Phæbus stood Silent, and in Mists retir'd.

More strong than Thunder were this *Infant's Nods,*
That strikes the Lofty Temples, These the Gods.

To his Friend on the Following Poem.

At length our English Tongue is happy made,
And our Wit's grown industrious as our Trade.

The Reverend Prophet now with Joy may see
The utmost of his Wish fulfill'd in Thee.

All Foreign Wit in English Dress display'd
Without the Help of any Foreign Aid.

Whatever Ancient Greece, or Rome could boast,
Is now transplanted to the British Coast.

Now all their bright Perfections scatter'd shine
In Various Poems, but unite in Thine.

So the Sun yields a double Heat and Light,
When in a Glass his scatter'd Beams unite.

Mæon's Great Son no longer shall confine
To his fam'd Verse the Force of Heat Divine.

on several Occasions. 173

Our God-like Milton has as nobly wrote,

And sings as boldly as his Angels fought.

Judicious Dryden may with Virgil claim

Of Just, yet Daring Flights, the prudent Fame.

Waller in Verse as tender as his Love,

Like soft Catullus, does our Passions move.

The Boundless Fancy of the Lyrick Song

To Horace, and to Cowley does belong.

Bion and Congreve shall in Mournful Strains

Lament untimely Fate to Weeping Swains.

Brave Cutar, like Tyrteus, shall engage

The Hero's Courage, and the Poet's Rage.

Oldham and Juvenal in keenest Rhimes

shall lash the Follies of degen'rate Times.

Whither does Fancy hurry me along?

o You, my Friend, this Province does belong.

Your Copious Wit alone can Theirs express,
And only Yours can suit an equal Dress.
Your flowing Numbers can alone dispense
The Warmest Fancy with the Coolest Sense.
Your Heat of Youth can Tower a Milton's Flight,
And Judgment can, like Virgil, steer it right.
Oh may some Genius, like your self arise
Whose Wit and Learning may the World surprize!
As You have given each tuneful Bard his Due,
May he confer the same Reward on You!

W. Worts.

To his Friend on the following Poem;

*O*thers their Praise may gratefully bestow,
And pay that Debt, which they to Merit owe ;
But I'm indebted on a double score,
Much for your Verse, but for your Friendship more.
And who an Equal Recompence can tell
For one who sings, and one who loves so well ?
To praise your Verse, is what the most will do ;
I would do something more in praising You.
And yet the Task's so great to praise a Friend,
That I much rather would your Verse commend.
I would indeed : but something in your Lines
So Strange, so Dazzling, so Peculiar shines ;
That loud-tongu'd Praise must here be at a stand,
And silent Wonder only must commend.

W. Dove.

of

Of POETRY.

1. Its Antiquity. 2. Its Progress. 3. Its Improvement.

A

POEM.

SURE when the Maker in his Heav'nly Breast
Design'd a Creature to command the rest,

Of all th' * Erected Progeny of Clay * *Antiquity of Poetry*

His Noblest Labour was his *First Essay*.

There shone th' Eternal Brightness, and a Mind
Proportion'd for the Father of Mankind.

The Vigor of Omnipotence was seen

In his high Actions, and Imperial Mien.

Inrich'd

Inrich'd with Arts, unstudy'd and untaught,
With loftiness of Soul, and dignity of Thought
To Rule the World, and what he Rul'd to Sing,

And be at once the Poet and the King.

Whether his Knowledge with his breath he drew,
And saw the Depth of Nature at a View,
Or, new descending from th' Angelick race,
Retain'd some tincture of his Native Place;

Words end. And knells O earth has ever say

Fine was the Matter of the curious Frame,
Which lodg'd his * Fiery Guest, and The Soul, according to the Platonists. So Virgil: *Auras similesq; ig- nem.* bright

like the same

Nor was a less Resemblance in his Sense,
His Thoughts were lofty, just his Eloquence;
Whene'er He spoke, from his Seraphick Tongue
Ten Thousand comely Graces, ever young,
With new Calliopes and Clio's sprung:
No shackling Rhyme chain'd the free Poet's mind,

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Majestick was His Style, and unconfin'd
Vast was each Sentence, and each wondrous strain
Sprung forth, unlabour'd, from His fruitful Brain.

But when He yielded to deluding Charms,
Th' Harmonious Goddess shun'd His empty Arms
The Muse no more his sacred Breast inspir'd,
But to the Skies, her Ancient Seat, retir'd.
Yet here and there Celestial Seeds She threw,
And gain'd melodious Blessings as She flew,
Which some receiv'd, whom Gracious Heaven
design'd
For high Employments, and their Clay refin'd.
Who, of a Species more sublime, can tame
The rushing God, and stem the rapid Flame.
When in their breasts th' impetuous Numen rows,
And with uncommon heaves swells their Divine
Souls.

Thus the "Companion of the Godhead" . . .

fung, *minigp* ist ein sehr speziell ei-

And wrote upon those Reeds from whence he
Sprung. at holmesb dts V to fit off
He, first of Poets, told how Infant Light,
Unknown before, redawn'd from the Womb of
Night. zgnd omisg visit in drowsy state
How Sin and Shame th' *Unhappy Cripple-kness,*
And thro' affrighted *Eden,* more affrighted, flew.
How God advanc'd his Darling *Abram's* fate,
In the sure Promise of his lengthen'd Name.

On *Horeb's* Top, or *Sinah's* flaming Hill
Familiar Heav'n reveal'd his Sacred Will.
Unshaken then *Seth's* stony Column stood,
Surviving the Destruction of the Flood.
His Father's Fall was letter'd on the Stanes,
Thence Arts, Inventions, Sciences were Known.

Thence Divine *Moses*, with exalted thought,
In Hebrew Lines the *Worlds Beginning* wrote.

The Gift of Verse descended to The Progress of Poetry.

Inspird with something nobler than a Muse.

Here *Deborah* in fiery rapture sings,

The Rout of Armies, and the Fall of Kings.

Thy Torrent, *Kifon*, shall for ever flow,

Which trampled o'er the Dead, and swept away

With Songs of Triumph, and the Maker's

With Sounding Numbers, and united Lays,

The Seed of *Judah* to the Battle flew,

And Orders of Destroying Angels drew

To

upon several Occasions. 181

To their Victorious side : Who marching round
Their Foes, touch'd Myriads at the signal Sound,
By Harmony they fell, and dy'd without a Wound.
So strong is Verse Divine, when we Proclaim
Thy Power, Eternal Light, and Sing thy Name !

Nor does it here alone it's Magick show,
But works in Hell, and binds the Fiends below.
So powerful is the Muse ! When *David* plaid,
The Frantick *Dæmon* heard him, and obey'd.
No Noise, no Hiss : the dumb Apostate lay
Sunk in soft silence, and dissolv'd away.

Nor was this Miracle of Verse confin'd. *Orpheus*.
To *Jews* alone : For in a Heathen mind
Some strokes appear : Thus *Orpheus* was inspir'd,
Inchanting *Syrens* at his Song retir'd.

To Rocks and Seas he the curst Maids pursued,
 And their strong Charms, by stronger Charms
 subdu'd.
 But Greece was honour'd with a Greater
 Name,

Homer.

Homer is Greece's Glory and her Shame.
 How could Learn'd Athens with contempt refuse,
 Th' immortal labours of so vast a Muse?
 Thee, *Cotopon*, his angry Ghost upbraids,
 While his loud Numbers charm th' Infernal Shades.
 Ungrateful Cities! Which could vainly strive
 For the Dead *Homer*, whom they scorn'd Alive,
 So strangely wretched is the Poet's Doom!
 To Wither here, and flourish in the Tomb.
 Tho' *Virgil* rising under happier Stars,
 Saw Rome succeed in Learning as in Wars.

When

When *Pollio*, like a smiling Planet, shone,
And *Cæsar* darted on him, like the Sun.
Nor did *Mecenas*, gain a less repute,
When Tuneful *Flaccus* touch'd the *Roman Lute*.

But when, *Mecenas*, will Thy Star appear
In our low Orb, and gild the *British Sphere*?
Say, art Thou come, and, to deceive our Eyes
Dissembled under *DORSET*'s fair Disguise?
If so; go on, *Great Sackville*, to regard
The Poet, and th' imploring Muse reward.
So to Thy Fame a *Pyramid* shall rise,
Nor shall the Poet fix thee in the Skies.
For if a Verse Eternity can claim,
Thy Own are able to preserve thy Name.
This Province all is Thine, o'er which in vain
Octavius hover'd long, and sought to Reign.
This Sun prevail'd upon his Eagle's sight,

Glar'd in their Royal Eyes, and stop'd their flight,
 Let him his Title to such Glory bring,
 You give as freely, and more nobly sing,
 Reason will judge, when both their Claims pro-

(duce,

He shall his Empire boast, and Thou the Muse,
Horace and He are in Thy Nature joyn'd,
 The Patron's Bounty with the Poet's Mind.

O Light of *England*, and her highest Grace!
 Thou best and greatest of thy Ancient Race!
 Descend, when I invoke thy Name, to shine
 (For 'tis thy Praise) on each unworthy Line.
 While to the Worid, unprejudic'd, I tell
 The noblest Poets, and who most excel.
 Thee with the Foremost thro' the Globe I send,
 Far as the British Arms or Memory extend.

But 'twould be vain, and tedious to reherse
The meaner Crowd, undignify'd for Verse.
On barren ground who drag th' unwilling Plough,
And feel the Sweat of Brain as well as Brow.
A Crew so vile, which, soon as read, displease,
May Slumber in forgetfulness and ease,
Till fresher Dulness wakes their sleeping Memo-
ries.

Some stuff'd in Garrets dream for wicked
Where nothing but their Lodging is sublime.
Observe their twenty faces, how they strain
To void forth Nonsense from their costive Brain.
Who(when they've murder'd so much costly time)
Beat the vext Anvil with continual chime,
And labour'd hard to hammer statutable Rhyme)

Create a *BRITISH PRINCE*; as hard a task,
As would a Cowley or a Milton ask,
To build a Poem of the vastest price,
A DAVIDEIS, or *LOST PARADISE*.
So tho' a Beauty of *Imperial Men*
May labour with a Heroe, or a Queen,
The Dowdie's Offspring, of the freckled strain,
Shall cause like Travail, and as great a Pain.

- Such to the Rabble may appear inspir'd,
By Coxcombs envy'd, and by Fools admir'd.
I pity Madmen who attempt to fly,
And raise their *Airy Babel* to the Sky.
Who, arm'd with Gabble, to create a Name,
Design a Beauty, and a Monster frame.
Not so the Seat of *Phæbus* role, which lay
In Ruins buried, and a long Decay.
To *Britany* the Temple was convey'd,

on several Occasions. 187

By Natures utmost force, and more than Human

(Aid.

Built from the *Basis* by a noble Few,

The stately Fabrick in perfection view.

While Nature gazes on the polish'd piece,

The Work of many rowling Centuries.

For joyn'd with Art She labour'd long to raise

An *English Poet*, meriting the Bays.

How vain a Toil! Since Authors first were

(known

for Greek and Latin Tongues, but scorn'd their

(Own.

As Moors of old, near Guinea's precious Shore,

For glittering Brads exchang'd their shining Oar.

Involving Darkness did our Language shrowd,

Nor could we view the Goddess thro' the

(Cloud.

Sunk

Sunk in a Sea of Ignorance we lay,
Till Chaucer rose, and pointed out the Day. *Chaucer.*
A joking Bard, whose antiquated Muse
In mouldy words could Solid sense produce.
Our English Ennius He, who claim'd his part
In wealthy Nature, tho' unskil'd in Art.
The sparkling Diamond on his Dunghil shines,
And golden fragments glitter in his Lines.
Which * Spencer gather'd, for his Learning known,
And by successful gleanings made his Own. **Spence.*
So careful Bees, on a fair Summer's Day,
Hum o'er the Flowers, and suck the sweets away.
O had thy Poet, Britany, rely'd
On native Strength, and Foreign Aid deny'd!
Had not wild Fairies blasted his Design,
Maeonides and Virgil had been Thine!
Their Finish'd Poems He exactly view'd,
But Chaucer's steps religiously pursu'd.

on several Occasions. 289

He cull'd, and pick'd, and thought it greater praise
To adore his Master, than improve His Phrase.
'Twas counted Sin to deviate from his Page;
So sacred was th' Authority of Age!

The Coyn must sure for currant Sterling pass,
Stamp'd with old Chaucer's Venerable Face.

But Johnson found it of a gross Alloy,
Ben. Johnson.
Melted it down, and flung the Dross away
He dug pure Silver from a Roman Mine,

And prest his Sacred Image on the Coyn.

We all rejoyc'd to see the pillag'd Oar,

Our Tongue enrich'd, which was so poor before.

Fear not, Learn'd Poet, our impartial blame,
Such Thefts as these add Lustre to thy Name.

Whether thy labour'd Comedies betray
The Sweat of Terence, in thy Glorious way,
Or Catiline plots better in thy Play.

Whether

Whether his Crimes more excellently shone,
Whether we hear the Consul's Voice Divine,
And doubt which merits most, *Rome's Cicero*, or

All yield, consenting to sustain the Yoke,
And learn the Language which the Victor spoke:
So Macedon's Imperial Hero threw
His wings abroad, and conquer'd as he flew:
Great Johnson's Deeds stand Parallel with His,
Were Noble Thests, Successful Pyratries.

Souls of a Heroe's, or a Poet's Frame
Are fill'd with larger particles of flame,
Scorning confinement, for more Lands they
And stretch beyond the Limits of their Ownall.

Fletcher

Fletcher

Fletcher, whose Wit, like some luxuriant
old Vine,^{Fletcher, and Beaumont.} profitably wanton'd in each golden Line.
Who, prodigal of Sense, by Beaumont's care,
Was prun'd so wisely, and became so fair.

Could from his copious Brain new Humours bring,
A bragging Bessus, or inconstant King.
Could Laughter thence, here melting pity raise,
In his Amyntors, and Aspasia's.
But Rome and Athens must the Plots produce,
With France, the Handmaid of the English Muse.

Ev'n Shakespeare sweated in his narrow Isle,
And Subject Italy obey'd his Stile.
Boccace and Cinthio must a tribute pay,
T'enrich his Scenes, and furnish out a Play.
Tho' Art ne're taught him how to write by Rules,

Or

Or borrow Learning from *Athenian Schools*:

Yet He, with *Plautus*, could instruct and please,
And what requir'd long toil, perform with ease.

By inborn strength so *Theseus* bent the Pine,
Which cost the *Rubber* many Years Design.
See Plat. Earth's Life of Theseus.

Tho' sometimes rude, unpolish'd and undrest
His Sentence flows more careless than the rest.

Yet, when his Muse, complying with his will,

Deigns with informing heat his Breast to fill,

Then hear him thunder in the Pompous strain

Of *Aeschylus*, or sooth in *Ovid's* vein.

I feel a Pity working in my Eyes,

When *Desdemona* by *Othello* dyes;

When I view *Brutus* in his Dress appear,

I know not how to call him too severe;

His rigid *Vertue* there attones for all,

And makes a Sacrifice of *Cæsar's* Fall.

Nature

Nature work'd Wonders then; when Shakespear

dy'd

Cowley.

Her Cowley rose; drest in her gaudy Pride.

So from great Ruins a new Life she calls;

And Builds an *Ovid when a Tully Falls.

* Ovid was
born the same
year, in which
Cicero dy'd.

With what Delight he tunes his Silver-Strings,

And David's Toils in David's numbers Sings ?

Hark ! how he Murmurs to the Fields and Groves,

His rural Pleasures, and his various Loves.

Yet every Line so Innocent and Clear,

Hermits may read them to a Virgin's Ear.

Unstoln Promethean Fire informs his Song,

Rich is his Fancy, his Invention strong.

His Wit, unfathom'd, has a fresh Supply,

Is always flowing-out, but never Dry.

Sure the profuseness of a boundless Thought,
Unjustly is imputed for a Fault.
A Spirit, that is unconfin'd and free,
Should hurry forward, like the Wind or Sea.
Which laughs at Laws and Shackles, when a Vain
Presuming *Xerxes* shall pretend to Reign,
And on the flitting Air impose his pond'rous
Chain.

Hail *English Swan*? for You alone could dare
With well-pois'd Pinions tempt th' unbounded
(Air:

And to your Lute *Pindaric Numbers* call,
Nor fear the Danger of a *threatned Fall*.
O had You liv'd to *Waller's Reverend Age*,
Better'd your Measures, and reform'd your Page!

Then

Then Britain's Isle might raise her Trophies high,
And Solid Rome, or Witty Greece outvye.
The Rhine, the Tyber, and Parisian Sein,
When e're they pay their Tribute to the Main,
Should no sweet Song more willingly rehearse,
Than gentle Cowley's never-dying Verse.
The Thames should sweep his briny way before,
And with his Name salute each distant Shore.

Then You, like Glorious Milton, had been
known

Milton.

To Lands which Conquest has infur'd our Own.
Milton! whose Muse Kisses th' embroider'd Skies,
While Earth below grows little, as She Flies.
Thro' trackless Air she bends her winding Flight,
Far as the Confines of retreating Light.
Tells the findg'd Moor, how scepter'd Death began
His Lengthning Empire o'er offending Man.

Unteaches conquer'd Nations to Rebel,
By Singing how their Stubborn Parents fell.

Now Seraphs crown'd with *Helmets* I behold,
Helmets of Substance more refin'd than Gold :
The Skies with an united Lustre shine,
And Face to Face th' Immortal Armies joyn.
God's *plated Son*, *Majestically gay*,
Urges his Chariot thro' the Chrystral-Way
Breaks down their Ranks, and Thunders, as he
(Flies,
Arms in his Hands, and Terrour in his Eyes.
O'er Heav'n's wide Arch the routed Squadrons
(Rore,
And transfix'd Angels groan upon the *Diamond-*
(Floor.
Then, wheeling from *Olympus* Snowy top,
Thro' the scorch'd Air the giddy Leaders drop
Down

Down to th' Abyss of their allotted Hell,
And gaze on the lost Skies from whence they
came. (Fell.

I see the Fiend, who tumbled from his Sphere
Once by the *Victor God*, begins to fear
New Lightning, and a Second Thunderer.
I hear him Yell, and argue with the Skies,
Was't not enough, Relentless Power! he cries,
Despair of better state, and loss of Light
Irreparable? *Was not loathsome Night*
And ever-during Dark sufficient Pain,
But Man must Triumph, by our Fall to Reign,
And Register the Fate which we Sustain?
Hence Hell is doubly Ours: Almighty Name
Hence, after Thine, we feel the Poet's Flame
And in Immortal Song renew Reviving shame.

O Soul Seraphick, teach us how we may
Thy Praise adapted to thy Worth display,
For who can Merit more? or who enough can
Earth was unworthy Your aspiring View,
Sublimer Objects were reserv'd for You.
Thence Nothing mean obtrudes on Your Design,
Your Style is equal to Your Theme Divine,
All Heavenly great, and more than Masculine.
Tho' neither Vernal Bloom, nor Summer's Rose
Their op'ning Beauties could to Thee disclose.
Tho' Nature's curious Characters, which we
Exactly view, were all eras'd to Thee.
Yet Heav'n stood Witness to Thy piercing sight,
Below was Darkness, but Above was Light:
Thy Soul was Brightness all; nor would it stay
In nether Night, and such a want of Day.

But

on several Occasions. 199

But wing'd aloft from Fordid Earth retires
To upper Glory, and its kindred-Fires:
Like an unhooded *Hawk*, who, loose to Prey,
With open Eyes pursues th' Ethereal Way.
There, Happy Soul, assume thy destin'd Place,
And in yon Sphere begin thy glorious Race:
Or, if amongst the Laurel'd Heads there be
A Mansion in the Skies reserv'd for Thee,
There Ruler of thy Orb aloft appear,
And rowl with *Homer* in the brightest Sphere;
To whom *Calliope* has joyn'd thy Name,
And recompens'd thy Fortunes with his Fame.

Tho' She (forgive our freedom) sometimes
In Lines too Rugged, and akin to Prose.
[Flows
Verse with a lively smoothness should be Wrote,
When room is granted to the Speech and Thought.

Like some fair Planet, the Majestick Song
Should gently move, and sparkle as it rowsl
(along.)

Like Waller's Muse, who tho' inchain'd by
Rhime,
Waller.
Taught wondring Poets to keep even Chime.
His Praise inflames my breast, and should be
(shown)

In Numbers sweet and Courtly as his Own.
Who no unmanly Turns of Thought pursues,
Rash Errours of an injudicious Muse.
Such Wit, like Lightning, for a while looks Gay,
Just gilds the Place, and vanishes away.
In one continu'd blaze He upwards sprung,
Like those Seraphick flames of which He Sung.
If, Cromwel, he laments thy Mighty Fall
Nature attending Weeps at the Great Funeral.

upon several Occasions. 201

Or if his Muse with joyful Triumph brings
the Monarch to His Ancient Throne, or Sings
Batavians worsted on the Conquer'd Main,
Fleets flying, and advent'rous *Opdam* Slain,
Then *Rome* and *Athens* to his Song repair
With *British* Graces smiling on his Care,
Divinely charming in a Dress so Fair.

As Squadrons in well-Marshal'd order fill
The *Flandrian* Plains, and speak no vulgar Skill;
So Rank'd is every Line, each Sentence such,
No Word is wanting, and no Word's too much.
As Pearls in Gold with their own Lustre Shine,
The Substance precious, and the Work Divine:
So did his Words his Beauteous Thoughts in-
chase,

Both wonne and sparkled with unborrow'd Grace,
A mighty Value in a little Space.

So the *Venusian Clio* sung of Old,
When lofty Acts in well-chuse Phrase he told.
But *Rome's* aspiring *Lyrick* pleas'd us less,
Sung not so moving, tho' with more Success.
O Sacharissa, what could steel thy Breast,
To Rob *Harmonious Waller* of his Rest?
To send him Murm'ring thro' the *Cypress-Grove*,
In strains lamenting his neglected Love.
Th' attentive Forest did his Grief partake,
'And Sympathizing Oakstheir knotted Branches
shake.
Each Nymph, tho' Coy, to Pity would incline;
And every stubborn Heart was mov'd, but Thine.
Henceforth be Thou to future Ages known;
Like *Niobe*, a Monument of Stone.

Here could I dwell, like Bees on Flowry Dew,
And *Waller's* praise Eternally pursue,

Could

Could I, like Him, in Harmony excel,
So sweetly strike the Lute, and Sing so Well.

But now the forward Muse converts her Eye
To see where *Denham*, and *Roscommon* fly,
Cautiously daring, and correctly High.
Both chief in Honour, and in Learning's Grace,
Of Ancient Spirit, and of Ancient Race.
Who, when withdrawn from Business, and Affairs,
Their Minds unloaded of tormenting Cares,
With soothing Verse deceiv'd the sliding Time,
And, unrewarded, Sung in Noble Rhyme.
Not like those Venal Bards, who Write for Pence,
Above the Vulgar were their Names and Sense.
The *Critick* judges what the *Muse* indites,
And Rules for *Dryden*, like a *Dryden*, Writes.
'Tis true their Lamps were of the smallest Size,
But like the * *Stoicks*, of prodigious Price. *Epidem.*

Roscommon's

Roscommon's Rules shall o'er our Isle be Read,

Nor Dye, till Poetry itself be Dead.

Fam'd Cooper's Hill shall, like *Parnassus*, stand,

And Denham reign, the *Phæbus* of the Land.

Among these sacred and immortal Names, *oldham*,

A Youth glares out, and his just Honour claims;

See circling Flames, in stead of Laurel, play

Around his Head, and Sun the brighten'd Way.

But misty Clouds of unexpected Night,

Cast their black Mantle o'er th' immoderate

Light.

Here, pious Muse, lament a While; 'tis just

We pay some Tribute to his sacred Dust.

O'er his fresh Marble strow the fading Rose

And Lilly, for his Youth resembled those.

The brooding Sun took care to dress him Gay,

In all the Trappings of the flowry May.

He set him out unsufferably bright,
And sow'd in every part his beamy Light.
Th' unfinish'd Poet budded forth too soon,
For what the Morning warm'd, was scorch'd at

(Noon.

His careless Lines plain Nature's Rules obey,
Like *Satys* Rough, but not Deform'd as they.
His Sense undrest, like *Adam*, free from Blame,
Without his Cloathing, and without his Shame.
True Wit requires no Ornaments of skill,
A Beauty naked, is a Beauty still.

Warm'd with just Rage he lash'd the *Romish* Crimes,
In rugged *Satyr* and ill-sounding Rhymes.
All *Italy* felt his imbitter'd Tongue,
And trembled less when sharp *Lucilius* Stung.

Here

Here let us pass in Silence, nor accuse
Th' extravagance of his Unhallow'd Muse.
In *Jordan's* stream she wash'd the tainted Sore,
And rose more Beauteous than She was before.

Then Fancy curb'd began to Cool her Rage,
And Sparks of Judgment glimmer'd in his Page,
When the wild Fury did his Breast inspire,
She rav'd, and set the Little World on Fire.
Thus *Lee* by Reason strove not to controul I. 1.
That powerful heat which o'er-inform'd his Soul.
He took his swing, and Nature's bounds surpast,
Stretch'd her, and bent her, till she broke at last.
I scorn to Flatter, or the Dead defame;
But who will call a Blaze a Lambent Flame?

Terroure and Pity are allow'd to be,
The moving parts of Tragic Poetry!

If Pity sooths us, *Otway* claims our Praise; *Otway.*

If Terrour strikes, then *Lee* deserves the Bays.

We grant a Genius shines in *Jaffeir's Part*,

And *Roman Brutus* speaks a Master's Art.

But still we often Mourn to see their Phrase

An Earthly Vapour, or a Mounting Blaze.

A rising Meteor never was design'd,

To amaze the sober part of Human kind.

Were I to write for Fame, I would not chuse

A Prostitute and Mercenary Muse.

Which for poor Gains must in rich Trappings go,

Emptily Gay, magnificently Low,

Like Ancient *Rome's* Religion, Sacrifice and

(Show.)

Things fashion'd for amusement and surprize,

Ne'er move the Head, tho' they divert the Eyes.

The Mouthing Actors well-dissembled Rage,

May please the Young *Sir Foplings* on the Stage.

But,

But, disingag'd, the swelling Phrase I find
Like *Spencer's* Giant sunk away in Wind.
It grates judicious Readers when they meet
Nothing but jingling Verse, and even Feet.
Such false, such counterfeited Wings as these,
Forsake th' unguided Boy, and plunge him in the

(Seas.

Lee aim'd to rise above great *Dryden's* Height,
But lofty *Dryden* keeps a steddy Flight. *Dryden.*
Like *Dædalus*, he times with prudent Care
His well-wax'd Wings, and Waves in Middle Air.
The Native Spark, which first advanc'd his
(Name,
By Industrie he kindled to a Flame.
The proper Phrase of our exalted Tongue
To such Perfection from his Numbers sprung.
His Tropes continu'd, and his Figures fine,
All of a Piece throughout, and all Divine.

His

on several Occasions. 209

His Images so strong and lively be,
I hear not Words alone, but Substance see; w ill
Adapted Speech, and just Expressions move
Our various Passions, Pity, Rage and Love.
I weep to hear fond *Anthony* complain
In *Shakespear's* Fancy, but in *Virgil's* Strain.

Th' field of Arms / like a Picture / well worth beholding

Tho' for the Comick, others we prefer,
* Himself the Judge ; nor doth this Judgment

Err.

* See Preface to *Aurongzebe*.

But Comedy, 'tis Thought, can never claim'd a
The sounding Title of a Poem's Name.
For Raillery, and what creates a Smile,
Betrays no lofty Genius, nor a Style
That Heav'ny Heat refuses to be seen
In a Town-Character and Comick Mien.

If we would do him right, we must produce
The *Sophoclean Buskin*; when his Muse
With her loud Accents fills the list'ning Ear,
And *Peals* applauding shake the Theater.

They fondly seek, Great Name, to blast thy
Who think that Foreign' Thanks produc'd thy

(Praise,
Bays.
Is he oblig'd to *France*, who draws from thence
By *English* Energy, their Captive Sense?
Tho' *Edward* and fam'd *Henry* Warr'd in vain,
Subduing what they could not long retain:
Yet now beyond our Arms the Muse prevails,
And Poets Conquer where the Hero fails.

This

This does superiour excellence betray;
O could I Write in thy Immortal Way!
If Art be Nature's Scholar, and can make.
Such vast improvements, Nature must forsake
Her Ancient Style; and in some grand Design
She must her Own Originals decline,
And for the Noblest Copies follow Thine.
Pardon this just transition to thy Praise,
Which Young *Thalia* sung in Rural Lays.

As Sleep to weary Drovers on the Plain
As a sweet River to a thirsty Swain,
Such *Tityrus*'s charming Number show,
Please like the River, like the River flow.
When his first Years in mighty Order ran,
And cradled Infancy bespoke the Man,

Around his Lips the *Waxen Artists* hung,
And drop'd ambrosial Dew upon his Tongue.
Then from his Mouth harmonious Numbers
(broke,
More sweet than Honey from a hollow Oke.
Pleasant as streams which from a Mountain
(Glide,
Yet lofty as the Top from whence they slide.
Long He possest th' Hereditary Plains,
Admir'd by all the Herds-men and the Swains.
Till he resign'd his Flock, opprest with cares,
Weaken'd by num'rous Woes, and grey with
(Years.
Yet still, like *Ætna's Mount*, he kept his Fire,
And look'd like beauteous Roses on a Brier.
He smil'd, like *Phæbus* in a Stormy Morn,
And sung, like *Philomel* against a Thorn.

Here,

Here Syren of sweet Poesy, receive
That little praise my unkown Muse can give.
Thou shalt immortal be, no Censure fear
Tho' angry B---more in Heroicks jeer.

A Bard, who seems to challenge Virgil's Flame,
And would be next in Majesty and Name.
With lofty Maro he at first may please;
The Righteous Briton rises by degrees.
But once on Wing, thro' secret Paths he rows,
And leaves his Guide, or follows him too close,
The Mantuan Swan keeps a soft gentle Flight,
Is always Tow'ring, but still Plays in Sight.
Calm and Serene his Verse; his active Song
Runs smooth as Thames's River, and as strong.
Like his own Neptune he the Waves confines,
While Bl---re rumbles, like the King of Winds.

His flat Descriptions, void of Manly Strength,
Jade out our Patience with excessive length.

While Readers, Yawning o'er his *Arthurs*, see
Whole Pages spun on one poor *Simile*.

We grant he labours with no want of Brains,
Or Fire, or Spirit ; but He spares the Pains,
One happy Thought, or two, may at a Heat
Be struck, but Time and Study must compleat
A Verse, sublimely Good, and justly Great.

It call'd for an Omnipotence to raise
The *World's Imperial Poem* in Six Days.

But Man, that offspring of corrupting Clay,
Subject to Err, and Subject to Decay :
In Hopes, Desires, Will, Power, a numerous
(Train,

Uncertain, Fickle, Impotent and Vain ;
Must tire the Heav'nly Muse with endless Prayer,
And call the smiling Angels to his care.

Must

on several Occasions. 215

Must sleep less Nights, *Vulcanian* Labours prove,
Like Cyclops, forging Thunder for a Jove.

With Flame begin thy Glorious Thoughts and

Then Cool, and bring them to the smoothing
(Style,

If You design to make Your Prince appear
(File.

As perfect as Humanity can bear.
Whom Vertues at th' expence of Danger please,

Deaf to the *Syrens* of alluring ease.

No Terrors Thee, *Achilles*, could invade,

Nor Thee, *Ulysses*, any Charms persuade.

This must be done, if Poets would be Read,

Who seek to emulate the Sacred Dead.

Thus in bright Numbers and well-polish'd

Virgilian Addison describes Campaigns.

Whose Verse, like a proportion'd Man, we find,
Not of the *Giant*, nor the *Pygmy* kind.

Such Symmetry appears o'er all the Song,
Lofty with justness, and with Caution strong.

This Congreve follows in his Deathless Line,
And the Tenth Hand is put to the Design.
The Happy boldness of his Finish'd Toil
Claims more than Shakespear's Wit, or Johnson's Oil.
Sing on, *Harmonious Swan*, in weeping strains,
And tell *Pastora's* Death to mournful Swains.

Or with more pleasing Charms, with softer Airs
Sweeten our Passions, and delude our Gares.

Or let thy *Satyr* grin with half a Smile,
And jeer in *Easy Etherege's* Style.

Let *Manly Wyckerly* chalk out the Way,
And Art direct, where Nature goes astray.

Tis

'Tis not for Thee to Write of Conqu'ring Kings,
The Noise of Arms will break thy Am'rous
Dance of Music but the Skill of English Tuning Strings:
The Teian Muse invites Thee from above
To lay Thy Trumpet down, and sing of Love.
Let MONTAGUE describe Boyn's swelling Flood,
And purple Streams fatned with Hostile Blood.
O Heavenly Patron of the needy Muse!
Whose powerful Name can nobler heat infuse.
When You Nassau's bright Actions dar'd to see,
You was the Eagle, and Apollo He.
But when He read You, and Your Value knew,
He was the Eagle, and Apollo You.
Both spoke the Bird in her Æthereal height,
The Majesty was His, and Thine the Flight,
Both did Apollo in His Glory shew,
The Silver Harp was Thine, and His the Bow,

So may Pierian Eli cease to fear,
When Honour deigns to sing, and Majesty to hear!
So may she favour'd live, and always please
Our Dorset's, and Judicious Normanby's!
Nor does the Coronet alone defend
The Muses Cause: The Miter is Her Friend.
Can we forget how Damon's lofty Tongue
Shook the glad Mountains? how the Valleys
When Rochester's Seraphick Shepherd Sung,
How Mars and Pallas wept to see the Day
When Athens by a Plague dispeopled lay.
What Learning perish'd, and what Lives it cost!
Sung with more Spirit than all Athens lost.
Nor can the Miter now conceal the Bays,
For still we view the Sacred Poet's praise.

upon several Occasions. 219

So tho' *Eridanus* becomes a Star
Exalted to the Skies, and shines afar,
Below he loses nothing but his Name,
Still faithful to his Banks, his Stream's the same!

But smile, my Muse, once more upon my Song,
Let *Creech* be numbered with the Sacred Throng.
Whose daring Muse could with *Manilius* fly,
And, like an *Atlas*, shoulder up the Sky.
He's mounted, where no vulgar Eye can trace
His Wondrous footsteps and mysterious race.
See, how He walks above in mighty strains,
And wanders o'er the wide Ethereal Plains!
He sings what Harmony the Spheres obey,
In Verse more tuneful, and more sweet than they.

'Tis cause of Triumph, when *Rome's* Genius shines
In nervous *English*, and well-worded Lines.

Two Famous * *Latins* our bright Tongue adorn,
 • *Lucretius* and *Manilius*.
 And a new † *Virgil* is in *England* born.
 • *Mr. Dryden's Virgil.*
 An *Eneid* to translate, and make a new,
 Are Tasks of equal Labour to pursue.

For tho' th' Invention of a Godlike Mind
 Excels the Works of Nature, and Mankind ;
 Yet a well-languag'd Version will require
 An equal Genius, and as strong a Fire,
 These claim at once our Study and our Praise,
 Fam'd for the Dignity of Sense and Phrase.
 These gainful to the Stationer, shall stand
 At *Paul's* or *Cornhill*, *Fleetstreet* or the *Strand*.
 Shall wander far and near, and cross the Seas,
 An Ornament to *Foreign Libraries*.

Hail, Glorious Titles ! who have been my Theme!
 O could I write so well as I esteem !

on several Occasions. 221

From her low Nest my humble Soul shou'd rise
As a young *Phœnix* out of Ashes flies.
Above what *France* or *Italy* can shew,
The Celebrated *Tasso*, or *Boileau*.

Come You, where'er you be, who seek to find
Something to pleasure, and instruct your Mind:
If, when retir'd from Buſness, or from Men,
You love the *Labour'd Travels* of the Pen:
Employ the Minutes of your vacant Time
On *Cowley*, or on *Dryden's useful Rhyme*:
Or whom besides of all the Tribe you chuse,
The *Tragick*, *Lyrick*, or *Heroick Muse*:
For they, if well observ'd, will strictly shew
In *Charming Numbers*, what is false, what true,
And teach more good than *Hobbs* or *Lock* can do.

Hail, ye Poetick Dead, who wander now
In Fields of Light! at your fair Shrines we bow.

Freed

Freed from the Malice of Injurious Fate,

Ye blest Partakers of a happier State !

Whether Intomb'd with *English Kings*, you sleep,
Or Common Urns your Sacred Ashes keep :

There, on each Dawning of the tender Day,

May Tameful Birds their pious Off'rings pay !

There may sweet Myrrh with Balmy Tears perfume
The hallow'd Ground, and Roses deck the Tomb.

While You, who live, no frowning Tempest fear,
Sing on ; let *Montague* and *Dorset* hear,

In Stately Verse let *William's* Praise be told,

WILLIAM rewards with Honour and with Gold.

No more of *Richelieu's* Worth : Forget not, Fame,

To change *Augustus* for Great *William's* Name.

Who, tho' like *Homer's* Jupiter, he fate,

Musing on something eminently great

And ballanc'd in his Mind the World's important

(Fate;

Lays

Lays by the vast Concern, and gladly hears
The loud-sung Triumphs of his Warlike Years;
Whether this Praise to Stepney's Muse belong,
Or Prior claim it for Pindarick Song.
The sleeping Dooms of Empire were delay'd,
And Fate stood silent while the Poet play'd.
The double Virtue of Nassovian Fire
At once the Soldier and the Bard inspire.
The Hero listen'd when the Canons rung
A Fatal Peal, or when the Harp was strung,
When Mars has Acted, or when Phæbus Sung.

O cou'd my Muse reach Milton's tow'ring Flight,
Or stretch her Wings to the Mæonian Height !
Thro' Air, and Earth, and Seas, I wou'd disperse
His Fame, and sing it in the loudest Verse.
The rowling Waves to hear me shou'd grow tame,
And Winds should calm a Tempest with his Name.

Bu

But we must all decline : The Muse grows dumb,
Not weary'd with his Praise, but overcome.
Who shall describe Him ? or what Eye can trace
The Matchless Glories of his Princely Race ?
What Prince can equal what no Muse can praise ?
No Land but Britain, must pretend to shine
With Gods and Heroes of an equal Line.
So may this Island a new *Delos* prove,
Joyn * Young Apollo to the Cretan Jove !
* The Duke of Gloucester. Here the Author laments he prov'd so bad a Prophet.
What Bloom ! what Youth ! what Hopes of fu-
ture Fame !
How his Eyes sparkle with a Heav'nly Flame !
How swiftly Gloster in his Bud began !
How the Green Hero blossoms into Man !
Smit with the Thirst of Fame, and Honour's Charms,
To tread his Uncle's Steps, and shine in Arms :
See, how he Spurs, and Rushes to the War !
Pale Legions view, and tremble from afar.

What

What Blood ! what Ruin ! Thrice unhappy They
Who shall attempt him on that fatal Day !

Edwards and *Harry's* to his Eyes appear

In Warlike form, and shake the glitt'ring Spear.

At Agincourt so terrible they stood,

So when *Pictavian* Fields were dy'd with Blood.

The Royal Youth with Emulation glows,

And pours thick Vengeance on his ghastly Foes.

Troops of Commission'd Angels from the Sky,

Unseen, above Him, and about Him, Fly.

O'er *England's* Hopes their flaming Swords they

(hold,

And wave them, as o'er Paradise of Old.

Nor shall they cease a Nightly Watch to keep,

But, ever waking, bless him in his Sleep.

Their Golden Wings for his Pavilion spread,

Their softest Mantles for his Downy Bed,

Defend the Sacred Youth's Imperial Head.

1

After

After whose Conquests, and the Work of Fate,
The Arts and Muses on his Triumph wait.
The Streams of *Thamis*, exulting, Ring,
When fair *Augusta's* lofty *Clio's* Sing
Granta and *Rhedycina's* Tuneful Throng
Fill the resounding Vales with Learned Song.

Live, Heav'nly Youth, beyond invidious Time,
Adorning Annals, and immortal Rhyme.
Thy Glories, which no Malice can obscure,
Bright as the Sun, shall as the Sun endure.
But on thy Fame no envious spots shall prey,
Till *English* Sense and Valour shall decay.
Till Learning and the Muses Mortal grow,
Or *Cam* or *Isis* shall forget to Flow.

A

P O E M.

Occasion'd by the late Victories obtain'd over
the French and Bavarians by the Forces
of the Allies, under the Command of his
Grace the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

----- *Victoria nulla*

Clarior, aut Hominum votis optatior unquam
Contigit. ----- Claudio.

S Carce had we time allow'd our Thanks to
(yield,

For bloody Schellenberg's Victorious Field,
When Heav'n, resolving ANNA's Arms to bless,
Our Joys continu'd with a new Success.

Conquests on Conquests crowded in so fast;
The First were Brave, but Godlike were the Last.

The former Glories, which Fame lately sung,
When *Donawert* thro' German Vallies rung,
In dying Sounds now languish'd on her Tongue.

What Muse, delighted in Wars loud Alarms,
Will pay an *Iliad* to the *British* Arms?
Who will erect a Temple? Who will raise
An Altar, sacred to the General's Praise?
Honours, like These, were by Old *Romans* paid,
To the vain Shadows of the useless Dead.
Cæsarean Souls, from Fun'r'al Piles, above
Thus soar'd, on Eagles, to their Fabled *Jove*.
The *Roman* Bird may now more justly fly,
Bear back the well-us'd Thunder to the Sky,
And, whilst Alive, the Hero Deify.

Should some kind Muse, with a *Pierian* rage,
Inflame my Breast, and consecrate my Page,
Or would propitious *Churchill* deign to shine
On my low Thought, and brighten every Line:

Not

Not *Egypt's* Pyramid should mine surpass,
Like Marble polish'd, and more strong than Brafs :
The well built Monument of lasting Rhyme,
Should scorn the Impotence of Fire and Time.

Hast, Goddess, then, for conqu'ring Garlands go
To bind th' immortal Brows of *MARLBOROUGH*.
To *Granic* Banks, or where *Hydaspes* shore
On his last Elephant stout *Porus* bore,
(To grace the Honours of this Day) repair,
And snatch *Pellæan* Ivy springing there.
Let *Rubicon* her *Julian* Palms resign,
Nor spare *Nassovian* Laurels on the *Boyne*.
For these *Danubius*, and her Rivers call ;
Infatiate Triumph ! to demand them All.

Nor should we Justice, due to Valour, pay,
If less were offer'd for that Glorious Day ;
When *Albion's* Queen, with one deciding Stroke,
The *Germans* rescu'd from the *Gallick* Yoke.

She sent a Hero to release their Fears,
And brake th' Inchantment of twice Thirty Years.
She loos'd the Charms of the *Borbonian Dream*,
And ravel'd *Ricblieu's Universal Scheme*.

For now was *France* swoln to so vast a size,
That with heap'd Provinces she brav'd the Skies.
And looking *Evil*, stretch'd at monstrous length
Her bulky Body of prodigious strength.
Like that huge Serpent, in wild *Libya* nurst,
Abhor'd by Heav'n, by Earth, his Parent, curst.
Which Monarch Lions of their Thrones displac'd,
While a tame Terrour their rough Brows disgrac'd,
Which could the force of *Regulus* employ,
And, single, ask whole Legions to destroy.
Pil'd on himself, in hundred Folds he stood,
And then, projected o'er the Neighb'ring Flood,
Some from the farthest Banks the Monste rdrew,
And some, confiding to the River, flew.

upon several Occasions. 231

The Sun, amaz'd, withdrew his trembling Light,
And Clouds flew back at the portentous sight,

Such was the Haughty *Gaul!* His Reach so long,
His windings various, and his Venom strong.
With double strength for all events prepar'd,
No Arms he wanted, and no Arts he spar'd.

Phæbus beheld his Reign, wher'ere he rowl'd,
O'er Rocks of Diamond, and o'er Mines of Gold.
These to his Crown ravish'd *Iberia* gave,
Destructive Trophies of the *Indian Grave*!

His Power and Wealth to forreign States pre-
(scrib'd,

With This he threaten'd, and with That he
(brib'd.

And to disguise the Cheat, he would Exclaim
On Saints, on Angels, and th' Eternal Name.
But none were found so slavish and unjust,
To take his Presents, or his Oaths to trust,

Except *Bavaria's* Duke: Ah! fondly blind,
Of credulous, and mercenary Mind.

Are Princes bought so cheap? Is Honour sold,
Like Merchandise, at the poor price of Gold?

Think you *French* Gifts are true? Is *Lewis* grown
Besotted lately, and no better known?

Say, does thy folly drive thee, or thy Fate,
To tempt Great *ANNA's* wrath, and *England's* hate?
Can Thee, nor Conscience bind, nor Kindness move?
No Ties of Duty? And no Charms of Love?
Deaf to safe Counsel, and each tender Call,
And blind to *Cologn's* late *instructive* Fall...

Yet we must do him Justice, and confess
His Courage signal, nor his Conduct less.
Who skill'd in Stratagem, in Battle brave,
Could Fighting conquer, or Retreating save.

ULM felt his subtil Arts, and *Ratisbon* saw
Her Town submitted to *Bavarian* Law.

Then

Then from the *Gallick* Shore a furious Blast
Urg'd on the wild Combustion, as it past.
In rowling Flames now frighted *Suabia* burns,
And *Pfullendorf* her Fate in Ashes mourns.
Then to *Franconian* Walls the gathering Blaze
Begins to travel: *Austria* with Amaze
Sees its luxuriant March: *Vienna* soon
(Which had so oft eclips'd the *Turkish* Moon)
Th' Alarum took; and fear'd the *Christian* more
Than *Solyman*, or *Mahomet* before.
So Pride and Perjury can Empires rend,
This grants no Equal, and *that* spares no Friend.

To whom for Succour shall th' Afflicted go?
Shall *Cæsar's* Successor precarious grow?
Shall *Leopold* on his own Force rely?
'Twere vain to fight; and 'tis as base to fly.

This

This rouz'd the Reverend Genius of the *West*,
Who long in Secret, from his lab'ring Breast,
Deep Sighs and Groans, *not human*, had exprest,
Where'er he look'd, Death and Confusion reign'd,
Old Mother Earth of her rude Sons complain'd,
Who her kind Bosom with their Blood distain'd.
Rivers, discolour'd, to the Ocean bore
Europe's Disgrace, in Streams of Christian Gore,
A Joy to *Turks*, and each *Barbarian* Shore.
Who can our Ruin and Distraction tell?
Here *Polish*, there *Hungarian* Lords rebel.
On this side *Savoy* is by *France* annoy'd,
On that the Empire, *only not destroy'd*.
Here Grief and Pity from the Genius drew
Tears, such as mourning Angels Eyes bedew.
His Hands to Heav'n up-lifting, and his Head
Low bowing, thus the *hoary Guardian* pray'd.

O Thou suprem Director of Affairs,
In Heav'n and Earth, attend thy Suppliant's
(Pray'r)

Creator! Thunderer! Redeemer! hear;
If e'er my Services have been sincere.
If e'er with Joy I hasten'd to fulfil
Thy just Commands, and execute thy Will,
Thou dost the jarring Elements refrain,
And bind them fast with thy Eternal Chain.
Insulting Seas their ancient Duty know,
Keep within Limits, and no farther flow.

But Man, incroaching on his Neighbour's
(Right,

Breeds dire Dissention, and perpetual Spight.
What thousands by the greedy Sword have dy'd;
A Sacrifice to Treason, or to Pride?
Discord usurps my European Charge,
Lives absolute below, and rules at large.

How long shall Saints beneath thy Altar pray
For swift Reyenge ? How long wilt thou delay ?
Legions of Angels are at thy Command ;
But thou art *Greater* in a *weaker* Hand.
Say what Diyiner Mortal wilt thou chuse
To act thy Vengeance , and thy Power to use ?
Pity the poor Remains of Human Kind ;
Thou art *all Eye* ; O, seem no longer blind !
No more be pleas'd to wink at Man's Offence,
But thunder , and Absolve thy Providence.

His Prayers tow'rd Heaven, like pointed Ar-
rows, flew,
And from the Heart of God Compassion drew.
Besides young *Raphael* on his Wings had born,
(Each dewy Eve, and each returning Morn,)
The warmest Breathings of a Soul serene,
And purest Wishes of an *English QUEEN*:

Th' Al-

Th' Almighty Mind saw, and was griev'd to see;

(As far as Grief can touch the Deity)

His Arm, extended, held a Lightning Storm,

Not such as Clouds from clashing Vapours form,

But such as Heav'nly Wrath is us'd to throw

On human Crimes, and Perjuries below.

When his loud Horses, through the *clearest* Sky,

His rattling Chariot draw, and Thunder, as they fly.

Then shaking Heav'n around ; Yes, we will Rise,

Said God, nor longer our just Wrath disguise :

No more shall impious, unreflecting Clay

Upbraid our fix'd Resolves, and wise Delay.

Through the thick Veil of Flesh can Mortals spy,

The secret Paths of dark Futurity ?

No ; tho' the Lords of Earth presume to think

Their Actions just, because we please to Wink.

Vain Glow-Worms of Mankind ? Poor, scepter'd

(Dust !

Are

Are we not God? And can We be unjust?

The time is come, which shall our Vengeance

(show,

And a weak Hand, unseen, shall give the Blow.

Blenheim will come, *Danubius* will convince

Thy Vanity; it will, *Borbonian* Prince?

Now to the Stars thy tow'ring *Babel* rear;

But for Confusion, and a Fall, prepare.

He said, and calling an unhappy Fate,

(For two of different Natures round him wait;

This rob'd in silver Rays, all milky White;

That more deform'd and fowler to the Sight,

Than blackest Scenes of the dishonest Night.)

Begone, said God, to *France*, false Angel, go,

Where Princes wait the Monarch's Nod below,

Fly; we permit Thee to deceive and blind,

With Visionary Glory, his Ambitious Mind.

As soon as spoke, the Spirit takes its Flight,
Chasing away the Stars propitious Light;
And with his footy Form improves the horrid
(Night.)

At the *Versalian* Dome he stopp'd, and took
The Shape of *Mazarine's* dissembling Look.
Unseen, at last the slumbering King he found,
In vain with wakeful Guards encompass'd round;
To banish from his Thoughts intruding Care,
And frightful Fancies, which his Conscience tear.
With soothing Words, well practis'd in Deceit,
He *gilded* thus the *Venerable Cheat.*

Sleep'st thou vast Soul of the *Borbonian* Line?
Thou Labour of projecting *Mazarine*!
Do Princes, who sustain a Nation's Weight,
Thus aim to *Rise*, and study to be *Great*?

Thus dost Thou Fame pursue? Whose ominous

(Birth

Presag'd new Empire to th' astonish'd Earth.

Young smiling Angels blest thy Infant Bed,

And Lambent Glory shone round the World's *pro-*

(*mis'd Head*

Thy springing Fortunes Heav'n reserv'd for Me,

To polish and improve the Prodigy.

With Blood of *Hereticks* I quench'd the Flame

Which shook the steddy Fabrick of thy Fame.

By Me it stood: I taught the *Gallick* Shore

To echo the curst *Hugonot* no more.

What *then* I did, e'er Fate had cut my Thread,

Believe my *Ghost* contriving with the *Dead*.

For thee I left Those happy Plains above,

To testify my Duty and my Love,

And on thy Triumphs wait -- Believe the Call

Of Heav'n and *Mazarine*; 'tis destin'd All

What

upon several Occasions. 241

What I relate ; and God with sure Success,
Thy Fleet will Favour, and thy Armies Bleſſ.

Prepare thy Navy, ev'ry Sail advance,
For so must stubborn *Albion* bow to *France*.

Angels attend thy Flags ; behold, the Sea
No longer doubts who shall her Sov'reign be.

Behold thy Squadron hoisting for the Shore
O'er shatter'd Planks, thro' Waves of *British* Gore.

Nor let thy *Marshals* linger on the *Rhine*,
On the *Danubian* Banks prepare to join
With Succour, thy *Bavarian* Friend, and Mine.

What ? Dost thou fear ? Who can thy Troops
(oppose ?

Can tardy *Germans*, or dull *Holland* Foes ?

Can giddy *England* wish a conqu'ring Field,
In Councils heady, and in Arms unskill'd ?

In vain for new *Plantagenets* they look ;
Of *Edwards*, *Harrys*, and of God forsook.

R

Think'st

Think'st thou that Heav'n designs his high Com-
mand,
And Reins of Empire for a Woman's Hand ?
A feeble *Queen* ? Away, ungenerous Thought !
Art Thou *My Lewis*, and no better taught ?
Still dost thou snore supine ? Up, *Glory* cries ;
If e'er the Charms of Empire mov'd thee, Rise !
Now, now, ascend thy Universal Throne !
For Heav'n has said it, and *the World's thy Own*.

At this the Monarch started from his Bed :
Sleep left his Eyes, and the Delusion fled.
Stay, Heav'nly Vision ! ---- Thrice in vain he spoke,
For into Air the lying *Fantome* broke.
Yet still aimis'd, and to Belief inclin'd
Of Glories, promis'd to his grasping Mind,
He smil'd : Imagin'd Scenes of Triumph spread
Youth thro' his Limbs ; and the beguiling Shade,

Like Homer's *Pallas*, had inlarg'd his Size ;
Reviving Nature, with renew'd Supplies,
Sprung thro' his wither'd Veins, and sparkled
(in his Eyes.)

Now *Italy*, now *Holland* he devours,
Now the *Britannick*, and the *German Powers*.
In one Campaign he now pretends to sweep
What *Baden* in hard Fields was us'd to reap ;
And *Eugene's Latian Harvests* pile on his tri-
(umphant Heap.)

A Council call'd, what in his Dream he heard.
The King relates ; How *Mazarine* appear'd.
Some, not too credulous, advise to use
His Ancient Fraud, and with known Arts amuse.
Others devoted to the Vision's Call,
Think it no Dream, but Revelation all.
Villars, Marfin, Villeroy, and Tallard move
For Battle : This the Monarch does approve.

Little he thought our Valour dar'd to roam,
Beyond our pleasant Fields and Native Home.
That on far Banks we would our Standards bear,
And wave our Colours in a *German* Air.
Had he forgot, what ancient Poets told,
How *Scipio* punish'd Perjury of Old?
Tho' *Fabius*, willing to prolong his stay,
Pleads his once cautious, fortunate Delay.
Yet Victory whose Wings are us'd to fly,
Nor always hover in a Middle Sky,
Bears the young Hero, to the *Punick* Shores,
Removes the War, and *Italy* restores.
Mean-time the Duke, who for two long Cam-

(paigns
Had gain'd dry Conquests on the *Flandrian* Plains,
Now with swift Marches had the Neckar past:
Winds follow'd him, and scarce o'er-took at last.

Tallard

on Several Occasions. 245.

Tallard looks around, astonish'd; Where he cries,
Where were the Mouths of Fame? Where Argus
Those hundred Eyes, with which my Master sees
All Princes Counsels, were they blind to These?
O Fame, with list'ning Ears thou once wert hung;
Why were they deaf? Why silent ev'ry Tongue?
Is England SECRET grown? And then a Sigh,
Presaging, whisper'd that his Fall was nigh.
He eat his valiant Heart to see the Prey,
He thought his own, so bravely snatch'd away.
With Doubts bewildred, angrily he stood,
And swell'd in vain: As in some Libyan Wood,
When a fell Tyger has a Bull in Chase,
A Lyon rushes, and retards his pace;
To nobler Teeth forc'd to resign the Prize;
He spurns the yellow Sand, and rends the Skies.

He growls, retiring with a feeble Rage,
Asham'd to fly, yet fearing to engage.
Now had the Moon twice wain'd ; the fiery
His crooked Rae had thro' the Lion run,
While the Duke's Army, fortify'd to bear
The sultry Fury of the barking Star,
Five hundred Miles had with unweary'd Feet
Measur'd, and cop'd with a whole Summer's Heat,
Tho' Thirst and Hunger call, yet none complain
Of the spoil'd Vineyard, or the pillag'd Grain.
Such Peace in Arms they to their Leader owe ;
By His Example o'er steep Hills they go,
And cross wide Rivers swifter than they flow.

As Bees, united in a Cluster, flock,
Tho' separate People, from a hollow Rock,
So round him divers speaking Nations came ;
Their Language various, their Consent the same.

The Faithful *Prussian*, and the Hardy *Dane*,
The Valiant *Hessian*, with a smaller Train
Of Courages, to make the *Wonderful Campaign*.

And now behold two ready Armies meet,
Which, horrible to speak! in Thunder greet.
Be kind, ye Angels, who protect the State
Of *Europe*, and on *Britain's* Fortunes wait!
Spare not o'er *MARLBOROUGH*'s important

(Head

Your Swords to brandish, and your Wings to
(spread;

For whom we pray, and tire the Power Above
With frequent Wishes for the Man We love:
For whom the tender Darling of his Breast
Sighs all the Day, and weeps the Stars to rest.

Who Fights abroad, while *ANNA* Prays at
(home,
And moves with Passion the *Windsorian Dome*;

For if she sighs, the Statues seem to groan;
And, at her Tears, hard Marbles sweat their own;
Concern and Greatness in her Looks are seen,
The *Loving Mother*, and *Defending QUEEN*.
Go, Muse, to *ANNA*, who thy Voice will hear,
Go, bid Her dry up ev'ry balmy Tear:
Tell how Her Arms all *Europe* have restor'd;
Tell how Her Pray'rs were stronger than the
(Sword,

Then to the Hero's lov'd *Cornelia* fly,
Relate the *Schellenbergian* Victory.
But speak no farther, lest the dreadful Name
Of pointed Cannon fright the lovely Dame.
Yet say, What Man thro' the thick Squadrons
(broke,
Smear'd with brave Dust and honourable Smoke;
Say how He Flames; as when some Town's on fire,
A lighted Beacon warns the Neigh'ring Shire,

The

The giddy Rout, this way and that way run,
Uncertain where to fly, or what to shun.
So fled the false *Elector*; conscious grown
His Neighbour's Fate preluded to his Own.

He throws around him a distracted Look;
Behind him follows the Victorious D U K E;
So close pursu'd, he would repent his Pride;
And bends, and wavers to the better side.

Then quickly changing his inconstant Mind,
He yeilds, like *Oshers*, to the Northern Wind.
When *Tallard*, strengthen'd with a num'rous Force
Of fresh Battalions, and of *Household Horse*,
Comes pouring like a Torrent; such a Host
Deserv'd our Swords; the best which *France* could

(boast.

He thought this Summer, like the last, would yeild
A plenteous Harvest, and an equal Field:

He

250 POEMS

He dreamt new Laurels growing on his Brow,
And that *chain'd Fortune* was oblig'd to bow.

Now the two Armies were in Battle rang'd,
And Death for Death, with mutual Shot exchang'd.
The *Sun* had told Eights Hours, and just began
To number out the Ninth to weary Man:
While Heav'n, to weigh whose Valour must prevail,
Hung o'er the Warriours Heads the doubtful Scale;
Till a kind Angel came, and at the Throne
Of God, approaching, threw a Royal Groan.
Till pious Sighs, drawn deep from *ANNA's* Breast,
Our Fate decided, and the Ballance press'd.

Then *EUGENE* thrice repuls'd, with double
frown, (might
Rebounded, like *Antæus*, to the Fight;
Reviving, as lopp'd *Elms* are us'd to grow
With second Youth, and flourish from the Blow.

The Fourth Attack to his Remembrance brought,
How he at CARPI and LUZARA fought.
How nigh the Banks of Padus swelling Flood,
He dy'd Ausonian Fields with Gallick Blood.
Then Fame appear'd, and with her gilded Dart
Began to pierce the brave Italian's Heart; and T
Then might you see him, like a Lion, spring
With nimble Rage, on the Bavarian Wing, ^{notew}
Stung with new Praise, impatient of Delay;
Not Groves of Rikes, nor Showers of Fire could
~~not condA in you consider I aid hi stay~~
His Latian Fortunes: Now th' Elector flies,
And to the hollow Vales for refuge cries:
Then, with the Marshal, to the Woods retreats,
To hide that Shame which every Tree repeats.
Nor were we hindmost in the Course of Fame,
Nor with less Zeal purſu'd the Noble Game.

Our Left, as far as England's Sons could do,
Copy'd their Great Original in View:
Who, with his Sword, where thickest Troops in-
Leaves bloody Footsteps of his manly Rage.
Then for new Glory does Occasion seek,
Rallies the Routed, and Recruits the Weak.
Watchful as Eagles, when a Danger's nigh,
As quick to see it, and as swift to fly:
As brave to dare, still constant in Success;
Great in his Presence, nor in Absence less.
As Leda's Son, conceal'd from mortal Sight,
Still shines in Confort with Fraternal Light;
So in his Brother is the DUKE the same,
And Fortune flies if she hear CHURCHILL's
(Name.

Go,

God, Muse, and hail him; From BLEINHEIM

(he comes;

Hark! how the heartning Trumpets and the

Roar of brass and signal of War (Drums

Sound him Victorious! see! pale Generals yield

Their Thousands to the Genius of the Field. Now

Gowram is there, and from his heap of Spoils,

Looks down, and smiles on thy officious Toils.

To him resign up thy Parnassian Care; now blow

In Mars and Thee, he has the largest Share;

Scarce can we know in which he does excel,

So bravely will he Fight, and Sing so well.

Should kind Bellona so much leisure give,

(If in his Verse they could obtain to live) now

Heroes contented would receive their Doom,

And march unmourn'd, and joyful to the Tomb.

Now go, where Death, upon the smoky Plain,

Grins, eminent o'er Mountains of the Slain;

There

There sure; and only there, may WOOD be
found,
With Blood and Carcasses in compass'd round:
WOOD us'd to Danger, but unus'd to fear,
Equal as Justice, and as Truth sincere,
No braver Man e'er drew an English Sword,
None truer to his Country, and his Word.

Could I but promise my Poetick Page,
Would reach the Heroes of a future Age,
Palmer, Wilkins, Ingoldsby, and North should shine,
With Webb and Onkney, in my deathless Line.

But the DUKE balls: What Dangers does he
War has been gamesom yet, and seem'd to sport;
For now broke loose from all her brazen Chains,
O'er rising Mountains, and o'er subject Plains.
The Fury strides abroad, and Arbitrary reigns.

Fear

Fear in the Front, her sure Fore-runner, goes,
And grisly Death behind whole Squadrons mows.
Twice Fifteen Hundred gallant Youths, as brave
As France could boast, (which might a Nation save
From gaping Ruin, nor have mist Success;
Had Holy ANN A's Piety been less,
Or less the Hero's Valour.) These in vain
Of their despair'd and hapless Fate complain.
QUEEN ANN, we cry, QUEEN ANN, the
Vales resound;
To Heav'n loud Peals ascend, and Æther wound.
Terribly loud our Acclamations drove
The frightened Foes below, and Clouds above.
Here Angels throw Distraction, as they fled,
There dart new Beams upon the General's Head;
Who now, collected in himself, was seen
His Laurels, amidst all the Thunder, Green.

(Where

Where shall the routed Horse Protection find,
Before them Water, and the Fire behind ?
Between two Elements amaz'd they stood,
Till headlong *push'd*, they flounce and plunge the
(rapid Flood.)
Tallard alone, of all his Strength forsook,
Bows to the Greater Genius of the DUKE.
Surprizing Horror in the rest appears,
Nor can the bravest Heart conceal his Fears;
Nor can they thus their sudden Fate prevent,
By trusting to a milder Element.
For bright *Asriel*, (who, by Heaven's Decree,
Can bind the Floods, or set their Torrents free ;
At whose Command the Surges of the Deep,
Awaken'd, bellow, or retire to sleep ;
Thus to *Danubius* spoke ; Erect thy Head,
Thou Ancient River, from thy sedgy Bed.

See !

See! where the florid boast of *Gallick* Pride
Disturbs thy Waters, and insults thy Tide :
Call all thy Springs and Fountains to thy Aid,
Lest meaner Rivers thy weak force upbraid :
With thy whole strength surround thy destin'd
And imitate old *Kishon*'s sweepy way.

(Prey,
Vain all their graceful Looks ! nor shall the sight
Of dazzling Arms prevail, nor Valour fright :
If they attempt with feeble Hands to row, (low !
Swell o'er their Heads, and plunge them deep be-
No mourning Friends their Bodies shall inter,
Be thou their Winding-sheet, and Sepulcher.

Danubius heard, and with Impetuous rore
Collecting strength, lash'd the resounding shore.
The *Watry War* begins : With boiling wroth
He urges forward his *Victorious* Froth : (to save,
The proud *Gens d' Arms*, who hop'd their Lives
And find protection from the fleeting Wave ;
Deluded thus, in wild confusion swim,

And with vain blows afflict the passive Stream.
The *River* then, discharging on his Foes,
Mud, Sand, and Stones, his whole Artillery throws
From his vex'd bottom ; some with violent strokes
He head-long bears; some with hurl'd Gravel chokes:
With idle Swords some think to ward the blow ,
Of billows breaking on their Heads below ;
Others, despairing, rowl their ghastly Eyes
Tow'rds highest Heav'n and blame the cruel Skies.
Mean time the generous Horse of Warlike strain,
Unus'd to trample on the *Liquid Plain*,
Fearfully neighs ; the Silver foam around
Snorting against the Banks, the Banks resound.
Till vainly fretting in his martial Breast,
A Mountain-Wave o'erwhelms the Noble Beast.
He and his Rider drown ; the following weight
Of slain oppress them, and ensure their Fate.
For our quick shot, pour'd from the River's brink
Sends Crowds below ; they now by hundreds sink;

While

While frequent Carcasses, and Foam, and Blood,
(A horrid mixture) fattens all the Flood.

Wives for their Husbands, Mothers for their Sons,
At home lament in never ceasing Moans;
The tender Virgins for their Lovers weep,
Who under Hills of noisy Waters sleep,
No Earth their Bones preserves; no Urns their
Ashes keep.

In troubled Mud they perish and consume,
And heaps of Billows are their flowing Tomb.

Hear, O *Bavarian Licus*, as you swell
Danubius, say how thy false Master fell.
Bear it to *Dravus*, let *Tibiscus* hear,
And sound it in the *Transilvanian's* Ear:
Tell him, whose Squadrons, trusting to the Wave,
Their fancied Friend, obtain'd a real Grave.
Tell him, that Princes, who on *France* rely,
Thus seek their Ruin, who for Refuge fly.

But if the World by Tyranny opprest,
 Begins to Groan, and heave its throbbing Breast ;
 If the sad Sound reach *ANNA's* pitying Ear,
 Be still, ye Nations, and forget to fear.
 If Empires mourn, Her *MARLBOROUGH* is sent
 To stop their Tears, and calm the Continent.
 If the wrong'd *Austrian* to Her Standard run,
 She saves the Father, and enthrones the Son.
 If we below Storm some important Fort,
(Court.
 She scales the Skies above, and shakes the Heav'nly
 Where'er the Wretched for Her Succour call,
 The Equal Mother is alike to All ;
 Not raw in ills, nor ignorant of Grief,
 She spreads Her Wings abroad, and sends Relief ;
 Her Colours fly, where they ne'er flew before,
 Fierce Quarrels to decide, and Right restore.
 If, when repairing to *Imperial Aid*,
 The *Bloody Cross* of *England* is display'd,

On the *Moselle*, the *Danube*, or the *Rhine*,
Descending Angels bless the sacred Sign,
And happy Omens give, as once to *Constantine*;
When proud *Maxentius* with his Hellish Crew,
The new-born Christian into *Tyber* threw.

Now weary Death's Commission was expir'd,
And the Pale Glutton with the DUKE, retir'd;
War's Trumpet to Retreat was softly blown,
When Fame began to rattle with her own:
From th' obscure Village of *Bleinheim* she came,
(Obscure of old but now a noted Name)
Then o'er high Hills, o'er Seas, o'er Earth she flew,
Her Voice grew louder, as her Motion grew.
As smother'd Flames in nightly embers sleep,
When wretched Man *Morphean* Fetters keep,
Till bursting forth the secret Robber preys
On Houses first, then Towns in Ruin lays,
While forward Winds assist the waken'd Blaze:

Or

Or as when *Eurus*, or when *Auster* pent
In subterranean Caverns, strain for vent ;
Till, with soft Whispers breaking into Birth,
They roar, inlarg'd, and shake the frightened Earth.
Such Rumour was ; so shook the Skies around ;
The vaulted Skies rebellow'd with the sound.
Then from their Toils below, the Guardian Host
With Sailing wings made for the Starry Coast :
And there recounted how obedient They
Discharg'd the Business of th' Important Day.
Heav'n with repeated *Hallelujah's* rung,
And Saints the Triumphs of God's Vengeance sung ;
They sung the Arrows from his angry Bow,
Wet with the Blood of Tyranny below.
How, for their Prince's crime, his awful Might
Tumbles proud Empires from their Airy height.
How Kingdoms flourish where good Monarchs
(sway,

Who Rule, like *ANNA*, and like *ANNA*, Pray.

Surely

Surely the Father of all Power design'd
That softest Image of His Heavenly Mind,
To still the jarring World, and bless Mankind.
Ah happy *Albion!* cou'dst Thou justly prize
So great a Gift, and Favour of the Skies,
Nor *Hell*, nor *France* should baffle a design
Form'd by a Senate, and a *Queen*, like Thine:
A *Queen*, who moves Heaven's Everlasting Throne,
To hear whose Voice fair Angels stop their own.
If future Victories thou mean'st to prove,
She speaks Below the Diaolect Above.
Let all your Courage, all your Counsels fall
On proud *Castile*, and yet unhumbled *Gaul*;
Let not that Bane of Nations, Strife and Pride,
Or in your Senate or your Hearts reside.
Bethesda's Stream should now be calm and Cool,
Expect no second *Angel* at the Pool.
In the vext Spring no Vertue is conceal'd,
The Waters were but once disturb'd, and heal'd.

United

United Minds alone can *France* defeat,
Her Armies vanquish, and her Navy beat.

So shall Your *Admirals* by Sea prevail,
So shall conspiring Winds on every Sail,
Blow with a gentle and propitious Gale.
So Frightning *Drakes*, and *Raleighs* shall be seen,
When *Rooks*, and *Shovels* plough the Watry Green:
Alcides, blushing, shall behold them go
Beyond his Pillars, and his Toils out-do.

So *Glorious Duke*, when in th' approaching Year
Thy Arms and Fortunes shall in *France* appear;
Plantagenets, shall thy Attendants be,
And New *Black Princes* shall arise in thee.
I see their Angels hover o'er thy Head,
And Ancient Vertue rising from the Dead.
Heav'n shall for Thee such Miracles produce,
And Fate confirms the Promise of the Muse.

FINIS.